Saturday Review

JANUARY 31, 1959 / 25¢

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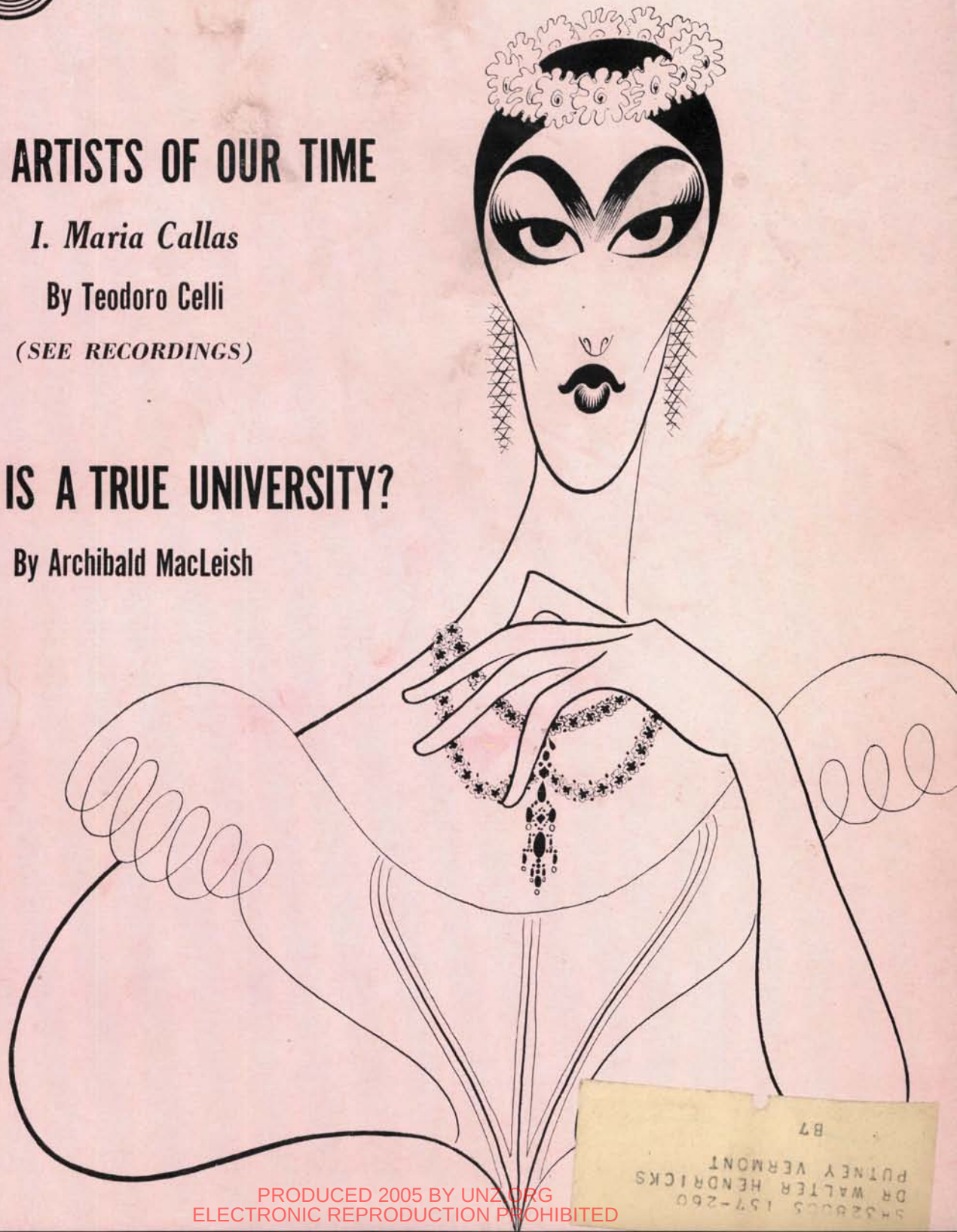

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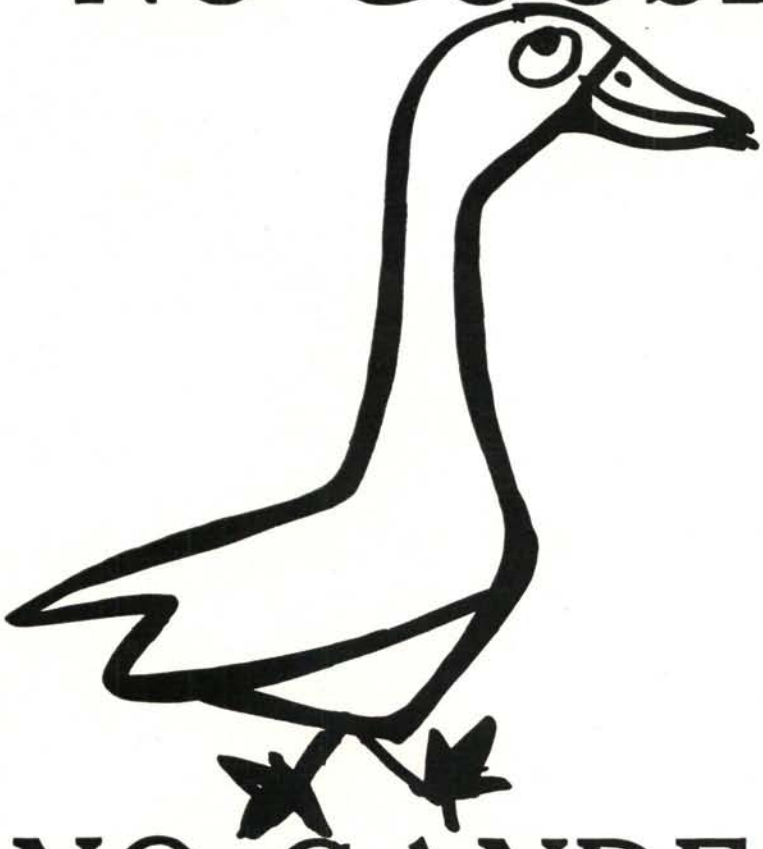

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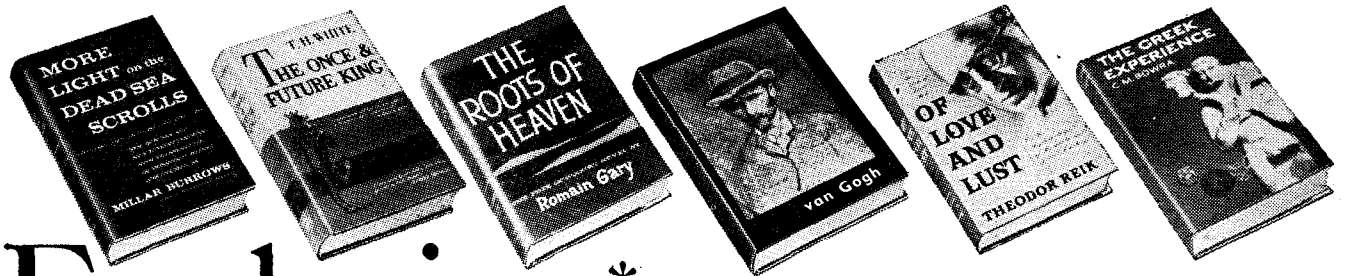

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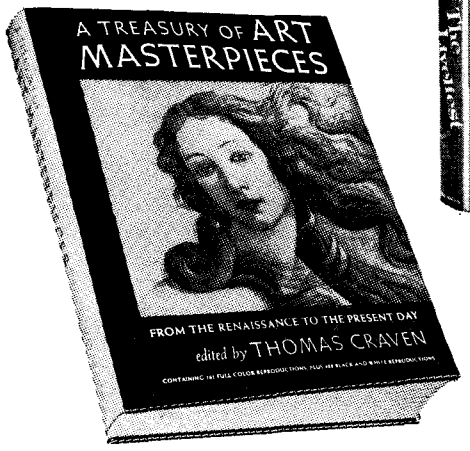

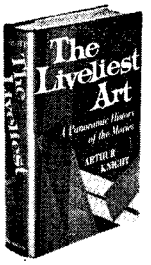

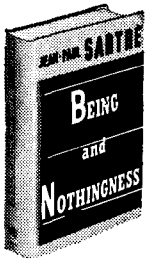

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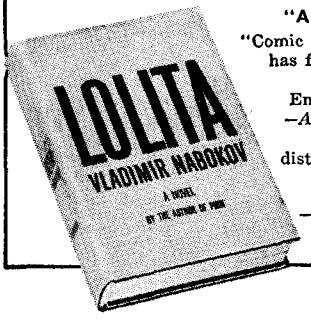

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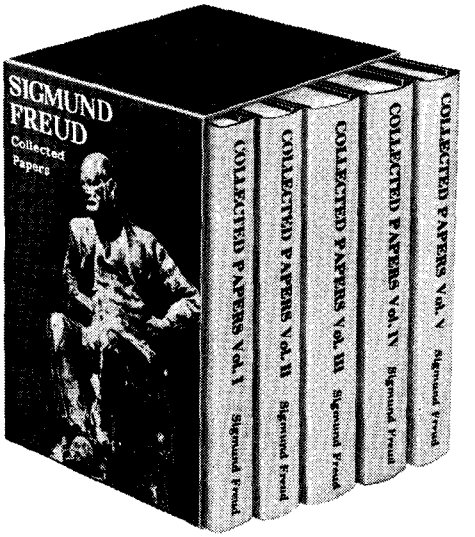

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TRADE Winds

THE BOY WONDER, Norman Corwin, is back. (When a fellow goes to Hollywood for a number of years, making a name for himself there and scads of money, we say he is "back" when he takes a few weeks off and comes to New York.)

When he was so young that he had voted only once, Corwin was pro-

ducing, directing, and writing radio drama that won him every prize they gave in those days. Fantasy, comedy, history—nothing stopped him. He went to Hollywood in 1950 and concentrated on films and books. Now he is back with the first thing he has written expressly for the stage. With a typical Corwin genius for finding something extra in a brief moment of the past, he has based his new Broadway play on the Lincoln-Douglas debates, calling it "The Rivalry."

Corwin read every word of the debates. They were the first historical events covered by shorthand—phonographic reporting, they called it—and every sound was recorded, from the speeches themselves to the applause and insults from the floor and sometimes the accents in which members of the audience asked questions. Corwin, of course, has his own unusual approach.

"In the thirty-seven plays that have been written about Lincoln," he says, "Douglas is never given his due. He is never more than a minor character and the debates are barely mentioned. His wife, Adele, never appears. But the truth is that she was considered a major hazard by the Republicans in those days. She was beautiful, astute, clever, dignified, and with a high social standing, an intriguing woman who was brought up in a nunnery, incidentally. Douglas's political advisors told him not to consider undertaking the debates without taking Adele along, which he did. In 'The Rivalry' she is the leading character.

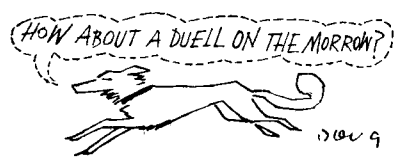
"On the other hand, the Lincoln that comes alive in these debates is quite apart from the sainted view we have of him. Then, before he was President, he was at the height of his vigor and powers. He was a lawyer, a lyric poet and a kind of rowdy backwoodsman, not above making an offer to take Douglas under his arm, carry him home and put him to bed. The real dividend in this thing is the charm and humor that I didn't anticipate when I went into it."

Good luck to the boy wonder. I hope he's done it again.

THE AMERICAN playwright, Bruce Milholland, has a warm place in his heart for a play he wrote in 1930 after a ride on the Twentieth Century Limited. On what was an investment of fifty cents for paper and $2 for copyright, Milholland's play, "Twentieth Century," grew into a property which is still paying the author enough to live on.

The original play was a success (it was doctored by Hecht and MacArthur and royalties are split three ways). Then a film version was made in 1935 that introduced Carole Lombard and established her as a comedienne. In 1951 a successful revival was staged on Broadway with Jose Ferrer and Gloria Swanson. A few years ago the play was a television spectacular. Milholland has been cashing in for twenty-eight years, traveling around the world, writing more plays, studying classical dancing, singing in Rome nightclubs, acting in television films made in Europe, and most recently, holding an exhibition of his sketches in Tokyo. Presumably "Twentieth Century" will still be paying off in the twenty-first.

WHILE WALKING "through the California hills (McGraw)" Patricia Shroyer



invented the following lines, she tells me, which contain, hidden or apparent, the names of twenty publishers.

The Hart on the Rine

The appletons were neatly stored
Outside the garden city.
Near random's house the bantam strolled
To disturb the peace—a pity.
But the great day dawned, and then he came,
The land's most honored viking:
For little Brown would claim
Mac's bride,
Greatly to his liking.
He needed time—a double day
For his harper's tune to play on;
For her charms before him Frederick fell
And a duel brought death in Avon.
She'd wear his crown, and rule his world,
Could he but wyn her heart.
He met her in the cool, sweet grove
Where they were doomed to part—
For she'd been wed in Prentice Hall
And claimed she loved her man.
Alas, he had arrived too late
To beat that coward McCann.

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY! The third series of Nathaniel Branden Lectures begins Monday, February 2, at 7:30 p.m., at

New York's Roosevelt Hotel. These twenty weekly lectures are for the people who were turned away from the previous series. The subjects they cover are the fundamentals of the philosophy defined by Ayn Rand in "The Fountainhead" and "Atlas Shrugged." Miss Rand herself will be present at each session to answer questions from the floor. Branden is the fellow she dedicated her latest book to, calling him her "intellectual heir." (Please don't ask *me* any questions.)

Now, the Rand philosophy is called "objectivism," and the lectures are addressed to those who want to learn more about it. Objectivism, according to Mr. Branden, is "diametrically opposed to all current trends, a philosophy based on reason, individualism and self-interest . . . a practical idealism that holds man's life and happiness as its purpose." Some of the questions answered at the meetings will be: "Is it moral to live for one's own happiness? Is sex 'physical'? Should America return to *laissez-faire* capitalism?"

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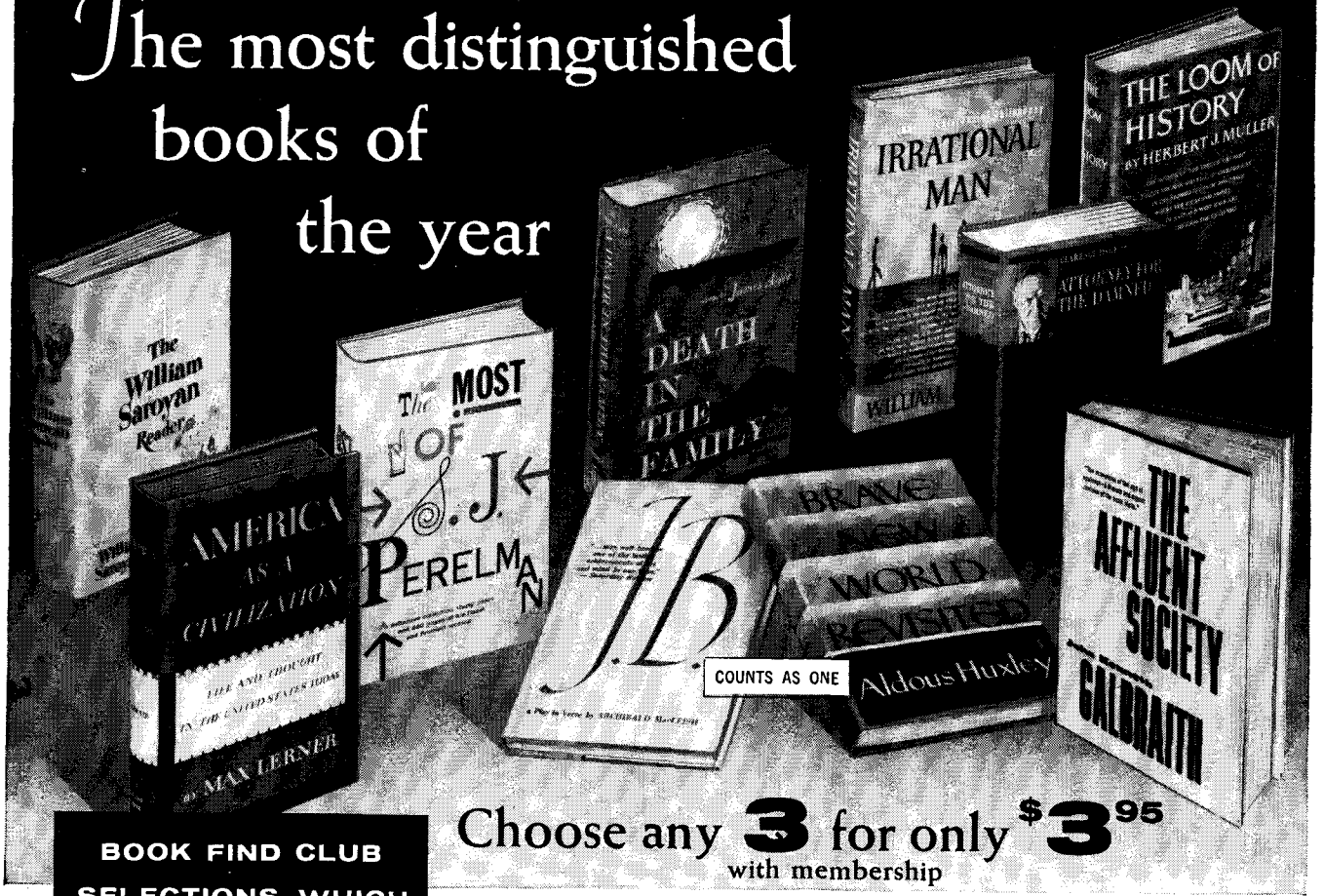

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Forget about nine-tenths of it. You like your hamburgers a certain way. You can like any kind of wine, too. Get a bottle, open it and drink it. That should take care of the snobs.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: ► Kathryn Crosby told a *Look* reporter that she and Bing are rather antisocial. "Nobody ever drops in. We do a lot of reading. Bing listens to my opinion. He recommends novels he likes, and reads magazines—everything from *Golfing* to the *Saturday Review.*"

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► Jack Shaw says that Robinson Crusoe is responsible for the forty-hour week, because he always had his work done by Friday.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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I was not far removed from the cops-and-robbers stage. So by purely elementary psychology he introduced me to the music of Liszt, whose wild flamboyance could appeal to my sense of drama, and force me to develop technique at the same time.

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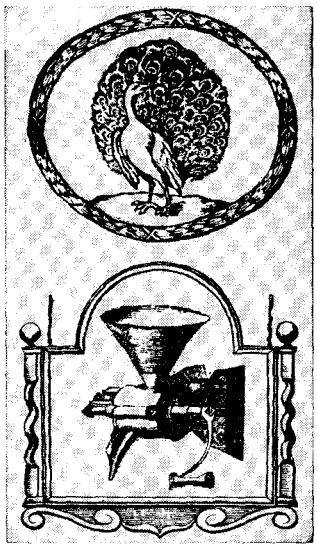

OH, IT'S A HORRID THING TO BE TORN BETWEEN PRIDE & PROFIT

[NUMBER II]

suck eggs. ¶ [What we were saying when we (The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland) ran out of space last week is that it would be presumptuous of us to tell *you* how to drink fine whiskey. It'd be like teaching your grandmother to suck eggs, as they say. Whatever that means.] ¶ Still, there's no denying that, thanks to Irish Coffee, any number of the Americans have taken Irish Whiskey without having *truly* tasted of it and that's a fact. What happens is the fragrant coffee and the sugar cube and the cool, frothy cream on top all but drown out the principal ingredient! At no *monetary* loss to us, mind. It has been a real treat to watch the dear sales curve soaring. ¶ But Profit is not all in all; Pride has its innings. We are an enormously Prideful lot when it comes to the elegant, burnished, *emphatic* flavor of our whiskies. This is why we should like you to buy them, to drink them, to cherish them for themselves alone. ¶ "Ah! but there are nine grand brands of Irish Whiskey," you say, "Which to choose?" You've stated the problem well, we think, if floridly. Look, why don't you ask the man at the whiskey store for *his* recommendation. He will be overjoyed at your humility. ¶ Now you've grasped our dilemma you'll no doubt be wishing to take your stand for Pride or Profit as the case may be. You'll appreciate that we must remain neutral ourselves, can't afford to do otherwise. But don't let our shilly-shallying prevent *you* from being forthright. ¶ To this end we are issuing badges which we trust you will wear openly and diligently. They are quite attractive and are sure to draw admiring glances from one and all. You may obtain either the Pride Badge or the Profit Badge at no cost to yourself, that is to say, absolutely free for the asking. Address your requests to: Pride, P. O. Box 1865, Dublin, Ireland, or to Profit, P. O. Box 2075, Dublin, Ireland, as the case may be. Air Mail is fifteen cents; surface mail is eight cents; post cards, four cents. ¶ The lovely stamp you'll get on the return envelope is alone worth the effort, not to mention the brave badge. Perhaps you'd better write us via the air mail. It's speedier for one thing, more flamboyant, and be-

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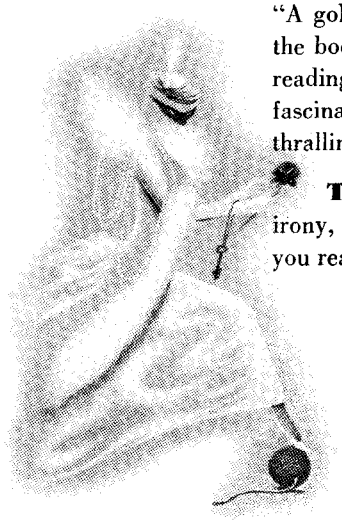
Bouquets and bravos for ROMAIN GARY'S *"dazzling" new novel —and its "golden, exotic, immoral and lovable" heroine,* LADY L.

ROMAIN GARY, whose Prix Goncourt novel, *The Roots of Heaven* was internationally acclaimed for its philosophical profundity, has charmed and astonished the critics with his new book, *Lady L.* — a glittering tale of 19th-century high life, low life, and intrigue. Here are the first tributes:

Time: "Romain Gary, who wrote one of the best and most serious novels of 1958, *The Roots of Heaven*, has turned out what is bound to be one of the most urbanely amusing novels of 1959."

Newsweek: "Less than a year after the appearance of his brilliant bestselling *The Roots of Heaven*, the literary French Consul General in Los Angeles has produced another thoroughly urbane and original work of fiction. *Lady L.* is an almost perfect tale in the classic sense: it has sharp characterization, adventure, rapid pace, suspense, and a twist of the macabre. It also has wit and elegance. It suggests a collaboration between de Maupassant and Edgar Allan Poe. Summing up: a dazzler."

The Saturday Review's Harrison Smith calls the heroine, "A golden and exotic lady, immoral, lovable, a brilliant liar," and says of the book: "*Lady L.* is unlike any novel this critic has had the privilege of reading. It combines drama, passion, and romance, carrying one into a fascinating world of aristocracy and wealth, poverty and death. It is an enthralling novel written with extraordinary charm and virtuosity."



The Chicago Tribune: "*Lady L.* is an exciting story, written with irony, shot with amusement, the kind of tale that shuts the world outside as you read it."

LADY L.

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SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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Saturday Review
JANUARY 31, 1959

WHAT IS A TRUE UNIVERSITY?

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Mr. MacLeish, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, has long been concerned with the making of an educated man in a free society. Aside from his contributions in the educational field, Mr. MacLeish has twice won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. Currently, his full-length poetic drama, "J.B.," is playing to standing room in New York.

ANYONE who wanted to measure the distance between the first decade of this century and the sixth could hardly do better than to read Woodrow Wilson's speeches and articles on education. They make two major points: That "the American University" must have a Purpose; and that the Purpose should be the training of the young for American life, for the nation's service. Fifty years ago it was the Purpose that was controversial; today it is the nation's service. I remember well the fifteen-year-old indulgence with which I listened to Mr. Wilson on the nation's service in the chapel of the Hotchkiss School. I feel no such ease when I hear my contemporaries today proposing that the educational policy of our universities and colleges should be dictated by the nation's needs—or, more precisely, by what the nation takes to be its needs.

Mr. Wilson's first point has merely lost interest with the passage of time as points so commonly do. It took courage—some would say, brashness—to argue in 1909 in Sanders Theatre at Harvard that American universities should have, not merely purposes, but a Purpose. President Eliot's "elective" revolution had established itself as the ruling regime in Cambridge and President Eliot's revolution had been a revolution against purposeful education—at least against purposeful education with a large P. To tell that Cambridge audience of July 1, 1909, that "we have fallen of late into a deep discontent with the college and the life of the undergraduates in our universities" was scarcely to win hearts. And when Mr. Wilson went on to his specific charges he was plucking hairs from the prophet's beard: "The evident fact is that we have now for a long generation devoted ourselves to promoting changes which have resulted in all but complete disorganization. . . . The process is familiar to everyone by which the disorganization was brought about. . . . It centered on the breakup of the old curriculum and the introduction of the principle that the student was to select his own studies from a great variety of courses. . . ."

IT WOULD take no courage whatever to say things like these in Sanders Theatre today; the difficulty would be to hold an audience together to hear them. Even Cambridge has accepted the truth of Professor Werner Jaeger's statement in the introduction to his "Paideia" that education is informed by "the deliberate effort of human

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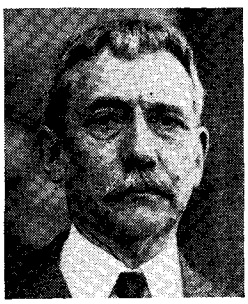
knowledge and will to attain a known end." Education cannot be passive without betraying itself; and Harvard, which has outlived mistakes before, outlived the elective system. None of us now protest very vigorously against compulsory courses in General Education though General Education has behind it the most purposeful kind of purpose. We may not agree among ourselves in Cambridge as to the precise nature of the great tradition to which we expose our students in these courses—whether, for example, it is Christian or not—but we are quite united in the conviction that the exposure is necessary.

Mr. Wilson's second proposition, however, is in a very different case today. It would not need a speaker of Mr. Wilson's authority to start an argument over the contention that the purpose of American university education should be the preparation of the young for the nation's service. What has happened to this second point is not that time has blunted it, but that the meaning of its words has changed. When, in his inaugural address as president of Princeton, Mr. Wilson defined the purpose of the college as "serving the nation," the word nation had an understood American meaning it has now lost, or is in the precipitate process of losing. In 1902, in the United States, a nation was a society of men. Today, even in the United States, the word signifies a social machine having a life, or at least an automatism, of its own and demanding of its citizens, not that they be men, but that they be efficient components of itself. The nation, in other words, has come, or is rapidly coming, to equal the State. It has not yet been deified as the State is deified in Russia, but it is moving ominously in that direction. At the very least it has capitalized its initial N. The American nation would never have dreamed of telling its citizens where and when they might travel or what and how they might think, but the American Nation has not hesitated to try both. Only the stubborn loyalty of the Supreme Court to the constitutional definition of the national powers has prevented the capital N from turning into a capital S, with a *t* and an *a* and a *t* and an *e* to follow.

The result is that Mr. Wilson's great educational objective, preparation for the service of the nation, has a different sound in our ears than it had in the ears of his listeners in that happy far-off time before the First World War. When Mr. Wilson used that phrase he was thinking, and his listeners with him, of the duty of the colleges and universities to turn out people like Elihu Root and Henry L. Stimson—men capable of taking their places in that society of men which the nation then was, and serving it by leading it. When we read the phrase today we think of something very different: the alleged duty of the colleges and universities to turn out people with certain specialized skills—in physics, say, or in chemistry, or in engineering—which the nation as Nation finds it needs; not to lead it, but to work for it. We do not, in consequence, react as Mr. Wilson's audiences reacted in 1902 and 1909. Then the declaration of these convictions, among others, made the president of Princeton a public figure with an enormous following. Today some of us, at least, find this definition of education purpose inadequate, and even mischievous. No one doubts, I suppose, that the Nation's need of specialists is real and may be critical, but there are those who think that an educational policy founded on the satisfaction of needs of this kind is hardly worthy of an American university or of the free society it serves.



ELIHU ROOT

". . . men capable of taking their places in that society of men which the nation then was, and serving it by leading it."
—Archibald MacLeish.

HENRY L. STIMSON

—Culver.

I SHARE that opinion so far as the current controversy goes, but I would defend Mr. Wilson within his own terms and claim him as an ally on the basis, not of his actual language, but of his language's meaning. The argument for the revolutionary reconstruction of the American system of higher education to provide more specialists in technology and science is an argument based, of course, on the achievements of the Russians. That is, or is assumed to be, its strength in appropriation committees and town meetings. We *must* keep up with the Russians; we are damned if we don't. But the trouble is—and it is a trouble university faculties increasingly observe—that we are also damned if we do. To compete with the Russians—particularly to emulate them at the growing edge of our national life where the character of the next generation of Americans will be determined—is to model ourselves on the Russians; and to model ourselves on the Russians is to substitute State for Nation and to accept of our own choice precisely the fate we have been struggling to avoid. The moment the production of specialists becomes the end and aim of American education, at that moment the State has triumphed in America, for specialists can only live in human society, as they live in the societies of the insect world, by composing together a swarm or hive or hill. We have learned, in the tragic failures of our foreign policy, what happens to us when we let Russian initiatives determine our responses. To carry that fatal practice into our schools and colleges and thus into the shaping of the American future would be the final, irretrievable disaster.

And this, I think, Mr. Wilson would affirm if he were alive today and a party to our debates, for he does in fact affirm his suspicion of specialized education in relation to his own, quite different controversy. When he says that "the ideal at the heart of the American university is intellectual training, the awakening of the whole man" he means that the ideal at the heart of the American university—and that word, *American*, emphasizes itself—is *not* the production of the half man, the man of single competence, the man awake only when his special skill is exercised. When he says: "The college stands for liberal training. Its object is discipline and enlightenment. The average thoughtful American does not want his son narrowed in all his gifts and thinking to a particular occupation. He wishes him to be made free of the world in which men think about and understand many things. . . ."—when he says all this, he is deriving from the nature of American society a conception of higher education appropriate to *it*—and rejecting by implication the kind of educational deformation that is now proposed to us on the ground that it has worked in Russia. "Men," he says, "do not live in ruts in America." Not, we would add, as long as America remains itself. And there is another observation—a

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curious saying which, though it sounds in all its syllables of the world of McKinley, is nevertheless characteristically American and wholly pertinent to the question at issue: "To me, then, the question seems to be, Shall the lad who goes to college go there for the purpose of getting ready to be a servant merely . . . or shall he go there for the purpose of getting ready to be a master adventurer in the field of modern opportunity?" The man of merely special competence is always a servant, and it was this precisely that Woodrow Wilson meant, although he had not had the advantage of observing, as we have, what it means to be the servant of a State.

The truth is, of course—and it is a truth Mr. Wilson was not afraid to repeat over and over in his public statements of this time—that education, above all university education, is not a portable welding system that can be picked up and carried across social frontiers to do the same job on one side as on the other; education is a function of the society in which it exists. Education in America is American or it is not truly education, for education, to quote Jaeger again, is "the process by which a community preserves and transmits its physical and intellectual character." Unless the process is appropriate to the *community*, unless it is the community's projection of itself into the future, it is not education but conversion, assimilation—the kind of thing we did to the Indians or our missionaries did to the peoples of the South Seas. Nothing is more striking in Mr. Wilson's various statements on educational policy than the frequency with which the word, American, is repeated. And Mr. Wilson, as the world knows, was not a chauvinist. He did not necessarily believe—in fact he almost certainly did not believe—that American education was superior to any other. But he recognized the fact that his university was American, and that its educational policies would either be derived from the character of the American community—"Men do not live in ruts in America"—or be educationally meaningless—or worse.

What our frightened friends who wish us to emulate the Russians and mass-produce little physicists and little engineers forget is precisely that fact. Science is universal; its laws are theoretically the same in every corner of the earth. Technology is universal; its adepts can practice their skills in any country. But education is not universal. It is a function—far and away the most important function—of the community in which it exists, and a radical change in educational policy cannot be ordered as an automobile manufacturer orders a new model. When it comes it will come out of a change in the community's conception of itself. And no one, no matter how frightened he may be by Soviet statistics or nuclear horrors, can hope that the American conception of the American future will ever express itself in terms of the specialized man.

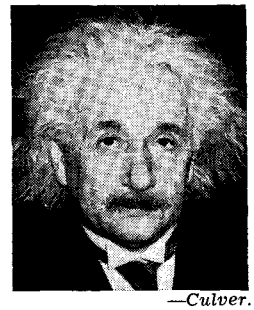
The present indictment of American education is in fact a new form of an old charge. It was often said in Hitler's time that free institutions cannot compete with totalitarian states. The fears were not justified in the event then, and I should think it doubtful that they would be now. Totalitarian education may assign children to allotted tasks as free education will not do. It may screen out the cleverest students and determine the field of specialization appropriate to each one by processes not available to American examiners. It may thus provide far larger numbers of young men and women prepared to serve the State in predetermined capacities than the colleges and universities of a free society could produce. Indeed a free society, precisely because it is a free society, neither could compete, nor would compete in any such manipulation of human lives. But it does not necessarily follow that the totalitarian system is destined to overrun the earth. For in matters of human life and human intelligence, quantitative statistics do not measure differences. One Einstein or one Bohr is worth an incalculable crop of mediocrities, whether they are designated physicists by their diplomas or not.

And an Einstein or a Bohr is distinguished from the mediocrities precisely by a power that specialized education cannot give. I mean, of course, the power of the imagination. What Mr. Wilson meant by the wholly awakened man who should be the ideal product of the American university was the man awakened through the power of the imagination to a consciousness of possibilities. Keats was right to give his trust to the power of the imagination and the holiness of the heart's affections, for these are the two frontiers, outward and inward, of human possibility—they measure the scope of life. And even in the sciences—and even in the sciences at the point at which they are used to explore the ultimate possibilities of death—the first of these, if not the second, is essential. Another university president, an eminent scientist himself, James Bryant Conant of Harvard, assures us that scientific discovery begins not in the findings of the laboratory but in the glimpses of the imagination—the true scientist takes off, as the true poet does, not from the notes on his desk but from a hunch, a feel in the bones, in intimation. If that is true, Mr. Wilson's whole man will make the better scientist, as he will the better citizen.

WHAT is required, if we are falling behind in scientific inventiveness, is not a different kind of education but a better education of our own kind—the kind suitable to our society. And the last thing that will give us a better education of our own kind is an education oriented to satisfy the personnel requirements of a social machine, whether a business corporation or a nation with a capital N. The service of the nation may have been an adequate educational goal fifty years ago when nation and community were more or less the same thing, but today, when the old American conception of the human community is one thing and the new American Nation is very rapidly becoming another, "the American University" must define its purpose for itself. It must choose the needs it proposes to satisfy, not on the basis of the Defense Department's priorities, but on the basis of the character of the community, which it is the University's duty to preserve and transmit.

I cannot myself believe that the national defense will suffer if it does. On the contrary I should suppose that the country might find itself in a stronger position throughout the world if it were really true to itself

(*Continued on page* 66)

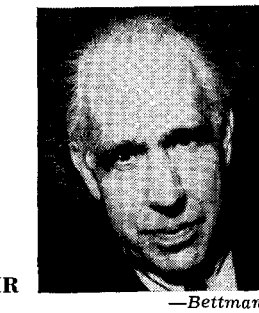


—*Culver.*

ALBERT EINSTEIN

"One Einstein or one Bohr is worth an incalculable crop of mediocrities, whether they are designated physicists by their diplomas or not."
—Archibald MacLeish.

NIELS BOHR



—*Bettmann.*

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LITERARY HORIZONS

O. Henry "Oscars"

By Granville Hicks

PAUL ENGLE, with the assistance of Curt Harnack and Constance Urdang, has edited **"Prize Stories 1959"** (Doubleday, $3.95), the thirty-ninth volume of the O. Henry Awards. The editors have selected two stories from *Esquire,* two from *The New Yorker,* and two from *The Atlantic.* As usual the quarterlies are well represented—*Kenyon, Hudson, Virginia, Partisan,* and *Yale*—and, also pretty much as usual, there is a story from *Harper's Bazaar* and one from *Mademoiselle.* Two stories selected by Martha Foley and David Burnett for "The Best Short Stories 1958" appear in this volume as well: Flannery O'Connor's "A View of the Woods" and Jean Stafford's "A Reasonable Facsimile."

There are three prizes that go along with the O. Henry Awards and Mr. Engle has bestowed first prize on Peter Taylor's "Venus, Cupid, Folly and Time," which would not have been my choice. (My vote would have gone either to Flannery O'Connor's story or to George P. Elliott's "Among the Dangs," which was given second prize.) Taylor is one of our good short story writers, but for me "Venus" doesn't quite come off; it does a good deal but not quite as much as the author obviously hoped. The portrayal of an eccentric brother and sister in a Tennessee city is as vivid as it can be, and the central incident—a dancing party given by this couple for boys and girls of the better families—is set forth with great liveliness. What I don't feel is the conflict of values that is the story's stated theme. The shading is too delicate and the tone too close to irony for the story to carry that much weight.

What strikes one first about George Elliott's story is its freshness; he has invented a primitive tribe in South America, sent an unusual kind of anthropologist to investigate it, and let the anthropologist tell his story. The device is uncommonly well sustained, and the reader takes pleasure in it for its own sake, but the purpose is to show what happens to the narrator as he participates in the religious ceremonies of the Dangs. In contrast to his intentions and expectations, he has a religious experience, and Elliott makes us feel its force. For the author, the experience has a specific theological content, but one does not have to accept Elliott's theology in order to believe in the story. The experience is extraordinarily well rendered, and what one makes of it is one's own affair.

As Mr. Engle points out, the third-prize story, Thomas Turner's "Something to Explain," is timely in a way that the Taylor and Elliott stories—and, for that matter, most of the other stories in the book—aren't. Its hero, a man who works for a Washington agency and is set for promotion, is suddenly informed that something has been discovered that might expose him to blackmail. Searching into his past, he solves the mystery and clears his record, but he misses the opportunity to come to terms in any fundamental way with the man he has become. The story moves at a lively pace, but it could be more incisive as a revelation of character.

Several stories seem to me more deserving of an award than Turner's. On two of these, Miss O'Connor's and Miss Stafford's, I commented in discussing the Foley-Burnett anthology (*SR,* Dec. 20, 1958). Another, John Cheever's "The Trouble of Marcie Flint," is included in his "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill," and I praised it in my review of that book (*SR,* Sept. 13, 1958). Here I shall merely say again that these are, in their different ways, fine stories.

James Baldwin's "Come Out the Wilderness" is a fine story, too, not quite so exciting as his "Sonny's Blues," which Miss Foley chose, but just as perceptive. It is a study of a young Negro woman who is living with a white artist. As the hours of the day pass by, we see in how many ways she is torn. The anguish love brings her, her sense of guilt, her constant awareness of her color, her memories of the simple ways of her girlhood, all torment her. She is in the wilderness, and we realize that she will never come out.

There are good stories by writers whose names are new to me. I like best Thomas Williams's "Goose Pond," a delicately elegiac story about a man who finds in nature consolation for a bereavement. The details are wonderfully precise and pictorial, and the mood is so successfully maintained that the gentle resolution is satisfying. Tom Filer's "The Last Voyage" has a somewhat similar theme, but its mood is heroic rather than elegiac. Mr. Filer builds the story solidly, but unfortunately he doesn't write quite well enough to get the most out of the situation he has envisaged. Alma Stone's "The Bible Salesman" is a simple but neatly turned story about a country boy and his grandmother.

There is some humor in Miss Stone's story, and there is a good deal in Jean Stafford's "A Reasonable Facsimile," but by and large humor is not a vein that our more talented short story writers exploit. MacDonald Harris's "Second Circle" is the only story in the volume that seeks to be out and out funny, and, alas, although it begins well, it ends by being pretty labored. Ellen Currie's "Tib's Eve" doesn't try so hard for laughs, but it has many amusing passages. It also has a surprise ending that is as adroit as it is entertaining.

When readers complain, as they sometimes do, that not much happens in the modern short story, the criticism is based on a misunderstanding. If you say that "Goose Pond" is a story about a man who shoots a deer and sees a flock of wild geese, it sounds pretty thin, but of course what really happens happens inside the man, and it is important. There are no exciting incidents in "Come Out the Wilderness," but the story is so saturated with what has happened and so portentously indicative of what is going to happen that it is filled to overflowing. In George Elliott's "Among the Dangs" the large amount of well-conceived business that occupies every paragraph is important only as it leads the reader to the revelation that is what really happens. Thomas Turner's "Something to Explain," to take the contrary case, falls short of success because all the going and coming doesn't do what has to be done.

We do have a lot of good short story writers today. Hemingway, Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Jean Stafford, Flannery O'Connor, Shirley Ann Grau, John Cheever, J. F. Powers, Bernard Malamud, James Baldwin, Herbert Gold, Truman Capote, J. D. Salinger, George Elliott—what a list one can make! And of course I have only begun. As this anthology reminds us, not many masterpieces appear in the course of a given year, but the good work goes on. A year that has produced Flannery O'Connor's "A View of the Woods" and George Elliott's story—to say nothing of others, about which much could be said—is not to be scorned.

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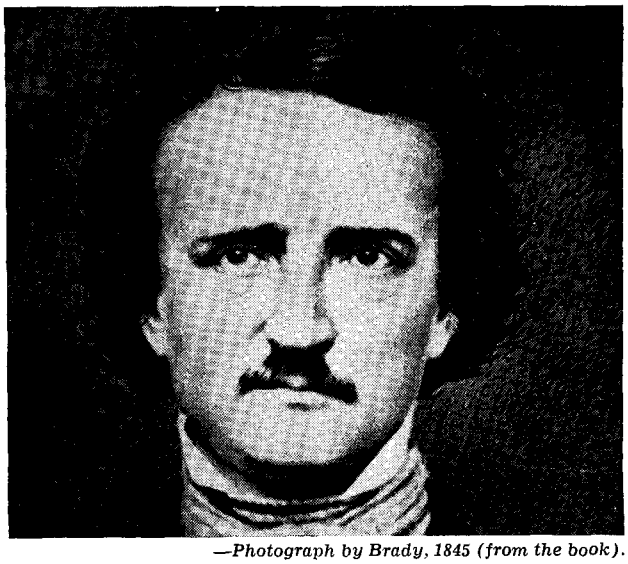

—Photograph by Brady, 1845 (from the book).

Edgar Allan Poe—"Horror was his true element."

An Edifice Built on Despair

***"The Haunted Palace: A Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by Frances Winwar** (Harper. 408 pp. $6), records the tortured life of one of nineteenth-century America's most original writers. Leo Lerman, a contributing editor at* Mademoiselle, *is particularly interested in literary figures of the past century.*

By Leo Lerman

ON JANUARY 19th Edgar Allan Poe would have been precisely 150 years old. It is fitting then that Harper should on that birthday publish Frances Winwar's "The Haunted Palace: A Life of Edgar Allan Poe," for not only is this a most comprehensive biography of Israfel, but "the Harpers" first published Poe's prose in book form. In 1838 they issued his "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." It was no great success with the American public, but in a life remarkable for its blackness the publication of this novella was a time of special brightness. Not until seven years later, in 1845, did Poe become famous, and that was with the publication of his "The Raven." But fame was never a guarantee of heaven to Edgar Allan Poe, whose lot for almost all of his forty-year-long life, was hell.

In this, her tenth biography, Miss Winwar fashions from known source materials a meticulous biographical fabric. (Its title is that of one of Poe's poems: "By that title . . . he meant a mind haunted by phantoms—a disordered brain.") If her book lacks the surface brilliance of her "Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties" or the stagey clash and clangor of her "Poor Splendid Wings" (about the Rossettis and their circle), it is because that brilliance, that staginess was inherent in those subjects. Poe's life, from beginning to end, was, with few intervals, a calendar of poverty, sickness, madness, and those temporary releases, drink, dope, and possibly fornication.

He was born the child of pitiful actors; he died of despair, the kind of despair for which, like cancer, there is no cure—not drink, nor dope, nor prayer. It is a cannibal sickness, this despair, for it eats its own flower, genius.

If "The Haunted Palace" is monotonous, it is because Miss Winwar notes, as carefully as does a nurse on a hospital bed chart, the course of Poe's sickness. And any record of a single disease forty years and more long, be it Poe's, his forebears', and his relatives', must ultimately numb the reader. Poe was born of a drunkard and a morally frail woman. The color of his days was all but fixed before he knew their winter darkness.

Around his basket (did he have a cradle?) stood bad fairies magnanimous with evil gifts. The good fairy was of an ironic disposition: she gave him genius. It is in charting the impact of this gift upon Poe and upon those whose lives, even momentarily, were entwined with his, that Frances Winwar excels. Like all good nurses, she does, perhaps, coddle her patient. But, then, this sick male was a most attractive man, as women throughout his life were quick to realize.

They are all here in "The Haunted Palace," those blue-stocking women, those massive-tressed girls, that wilfully sad, starry sisterhood who adored him or whom he adored—the Helens, the Leonores, the Berenices, the Annabel Lees, the matrons who never got over being little girls, the little girls who forced themselves, for his sake, to be matrons. And which of them understood him, thoroughly comprehended his genius? Not a one, for although he was in atmosphere, and even in the content of what he wrote, more nineteenth-century Gothic than most of his creative contemporaries, his was a spirit which transcended the climate of that moment, that place. Horror was his true element, primordial horror. They understood this better in France. There he was translated, widely read, critically appreciated in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* and prayed to every morning by Baudelaire.

Through the vast terrain of continental literature, Poe set a fresh stream flowing: no American had ever done that before. And in all of the 110 years since his death, his spell, the spell of the literature he created, indeed invented, has never ceased to bind the popular imagination here and abroad. Few Americans have done that. "The Haunted Palace" contains not one vacant chamber, for Frances Winwar has constructed this edifice out of the very being of Edgar Allan Poe.

—Portrait by Thomas Sully.

Virginia Clemm Poe—cousin, wife, and his Annabel Lee.

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From a Small, Well-Lighted Place

***"Evelyn Waugh: Portrait of an Artist," by Frederick Stopp** (Little, Brown. 254 pp. $4), is a study of the English writer in his roles as novelist, critic, and satirist. William Van O'Connor is the Berg professor of English and American literature at New York University. He is the author of "Age of Criticism," "Tangled Fire of William Faulkner," and other books.*

By William Van O'Connor

FREDERICK STOPP is a friend and admirer of Evelyn Waugh, and the friendship and admiration apparently made it hard for him to see his subject in a detached way and to raise and answer questions one expects in a book about Waugh. Waugh is a man about whom one is likely to have strong feelings. Having chosen to write a book about him, Mr. Stopp should have been willing to create an image, either pleasing or enraging, that a reader could respond to. For example, he mentions Mr. Waugh's rather famous piece in *Life* in 1946, written on the heels of his success in the U.S. with "Brideshead Revisited." He calls the article part of Waugh's "American honeymoon," yet he gives no hint of the sentiments expressed in it, or its tone, which, to take a term out of literary criticism, can best be described as snotty.

Mr. Stopp mentions several instances of Waugh's conservative or reactionary actions, but he neither criticizes nor justifies them. This is not true, however, of his account of Waugh's view of the present literary scene. Mr. Waugh believes that the religious man and the dedicated literary man live in a small, well-lighted place, and that outside is "darkness and savagery." Today the writer is likely to work for the State or for a public relations agency. For the dedicated writer "the choice lies in the two extremes of anarchic bohemianism and ascetic seclusion." Waugh says that the age of the common man is a bad age for the writer, and a bad one for English prose. On this part of Waugh's cultural position Mr. Stopp is informative and interesting.

The middle part of the book, "The Novels," is an improvement over the first section, "The Writer." There are a number of perceptive things said about specific stories, and Mr. Stopp gives one a sense of Waugh's comedy. But something must be missing because the discussions are not the sort that cause one to want to go back for another look at Waugh's books.

In section three, "The Artist," there are also discerning comments, especially about the techniques behind Waugh's peculiar sort of grotesqueries. But again something seems to be missing. In a critical biography, say a study of Charles Dickens or Henry James, one usually finds what a nineteenth-century French critic called the writer's "controlling faculty," that complex of interests and attitudes that simultaneously explain and help to account for his peculiar vision. One finishes and puts down Mr. Stopp's "Evelyn Waugh" wondering what the "controlling faculty" in Waugh is. Mr. Stopp might reply to this criticism by saying he does not know what the "controlling faculty" is and furthermore it would be presumptuous of him even to search for it. Maybe so. But lacking this, or some equally unifying force, his "Evelyn Waugh" lacks the inner life or radiance that one expects in a critical study that is also an account of the writer's life.

Manger Scene

By Robert Cooke

LET me creep through the filthy aperture
And look into the throne room.
Is it Henry the Eighth?

No, no, move the pile of dirt and see.

Is it Anne Boleyn?

No, no, look closely at the camels.

Is it a wise man?

No, no, in ermine and burlap?

Is that ermine?

No, no, burlap; can't you see?

I see the pile of dirt and Henry the Eighth.

Then it must be; cover the aperture.

What is that light?

No, no, cover the aperture.

Geoffrey Household—"banking to bananas."

Suspense Spinner

***"Against the Wind," by Geoffrey Household** (Little, Brown. 238 pp. $4), chronicles the multifaceted career of a popular suspense writer. Sergeant Cuff of* SR, *whose beat is the* CRIMINAL RECORD, *summarizes it for us.*

By Sergeant Cuff

GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD'S literary life has so far encompassed some twenty-two years and a dozen books. All of the books have been aimed at providing a superior species of entertainment, and all of them have been squarely on target. Best known is "Rogue Male," the story of an Englishman who drew a bead on a central European dictator and was caught in the same instant ("My nails are growing back but my left eye is still pretty useless"). "Rogue Male" was converted into a good movie, but it remains a better book.

"Against the Wind" is autobiography. It is divided into three sections: "Traveller," "Soldier," "Craftsman." "Traveller" does not mean explorer or even tourist—it means commercial traveller, the old-fashioned drummer (an Americanism now not so much colloquial as it is archaic).

Newly out of Oxford in 1922, Geoffrey Household went to Rumania to serve on the staff of the Ottoman Bank in Bucharest, whose managing director was the father of a fellow Magdalenian. Household shifted from banking to bananas, which he sold in Spain, and Spain became, and still is, his second country. Then he began dispensing printing inks in much of Europe and most of South America.

With the Munich crisis, Household became one of 500 standers-in-line outside the War Office in London. It

(*Continued on page* 31)

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FICTION

Manners Left by Their Mistress

"The Watsons," by Jane Austen; continued and completed by John Coates *(Crowell. 318 pp. $4), is a fragment of a novel about matrimony and manners, developed at full length by a devoted Janeite. Joseph Wood Krutch, who writes frequently about English letters, is the author of many books, including literary studies.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

NOT long after finishing her first two novels, "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility," Jane Austen began a third, "The Watsons." Presumably because she had found no publisher for any of her work she abandoned it, and when, after an interval of several years, she resumed writing she made a new start with a different story. John Coates's book is actually more his own than the jacket description—"Jane Austen's fragment continued and completed"—might suggest. Only about one-fifth of it is Jane's and even with this first portion he has taken some liberties. On the whole, however, this makes the work even more to his credit since the story is made interesting in itself and strikes me as a remarkably convincing imitation of the Austen manner.

Why should one undertake a task so difficult and, some might say, so unrewarding? Mr. Coates is described as "a strong Janeite since the age of fifteen" and the answer is in part, I suspect, that he intends an interpretation, even a defense, of his idol. Was she a snob or a satirist of snobs? Was her attitude towards money low-minded or merely sensible? To some extent Mr. Coates answers these questions by unobtrusively making what he believes to have been her attitudes more explicit than she usually made them herself.

Of Miss Austen it has been said that she had no predecessors and also that she was above all a describer of the comedy of manners. Neither of these statements is quite the whole truth. Her predecessor was that prig of a genius Samuel Richardson, who first demonstrated that the minute analysis of the emotional problems of quiet people could be made absorbing. Her comedy of manners is actually a great deal more. That is the form but the subject is always Manners, Morals, and Prudence: how they are related, to what extent they conflict, and just how the conflicts should be adjusted. If there have been disputes and misunderstandings, that is largely because, unlike most idealists on the one hand and most "realists" on the other, she attached great importance to all three members of her trinity. She held that only a fool undervalued either a good income or a good social position but she despised heartily anyone who overvalued either. In the present tale (and the conclusion she intended is known) the heroine accepts the proposal of a respectable gentleman with a decent income rather than a rich lord because she likes the respectable gentleman better. But certainly Jane would not have approved a thoroughly imprudent marriage merely "for love."

Mr. Coates, as was suggested above, takes the liberty of making even Jane's own text rather more explicit than she made it herself. When, for instance, the heroine is accused by her sister (and also, I think, in Jane's own hinted opinion) of putting a trifle too much emphasis upon "strict rules," she is made to reply, "It is not I who lay them down, dearest Elizabeth, it is society. I think . . . everybody would be well advised to follow them." But I cannot find that bit in my text of the original. Or, to take a more striking case, Mr. Coates seems himself to have added at another point the remark apropos the rude behavior of one of the "best people": "Elizabeth had too much good sense not to recognize hard-hearted prosperity, low-minded conceit, and wrong-headed folly when she saw them." But why not? Jane may have forborne to make the remark and she might have thought it unnecessary, but she would not have thought it inappropriate.

—Culver Service.

J. Austen—"a snob or a satirist?"

Does she actually consider money more important than the majority of decent people think it today? I doubt it. If she sometimes seems to do so, it is partly because she is frank and partly because in a society where "social nobility" is conspicuously absent, the question "how much is his estate worth a year?" takes the place, not only of a similar question today, but also of the far more inclusive question "what are the chances that he will ever be able to make a decent living?" In her society few had any "prospects" they were not born to.

Test-Tube Trickery

"The Scientists," by Eleazar Lipsky *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 375 pp. $4.95), is a novel about the intra-laboratory intrigues and jealousies that surround a scientific discovery. Critic Maxwell Geismar is the author of "American Moderns."*

By Maxwell Geismar

THE GIFTED son of a distinguished father, Eleazar Lipsky is the lawyer-writer and former assistant district attorney, who started his literary career with a series of excellent mystery tales. In "Lincoln McKeever" he extended his fiction in the direction of the problem novel, and "The Scientists" continues this mixture of literary forms. It is very readable, entertaining, and the writing, often sharp, is also rather pleasantly artificial.

The title of the novel is somewhat misleading. To the contemporary mind—if there is one—this almost implies something in the vein of atomic research, or at least in the realm of C. P. Snow. Mr. Lipsky's scientist is a worker in genetics, who has come up with a stabilizing element for the antibiotic drugs. He has made his discovery in the laboratory of a tyrannical and Germanic college professor, who claims half the credit and a goodly share of the profits. The novel is a study of academic types and uni-

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versity politics more than of science or scientists.

Mr. Lipsky's forte is in the description of academic intrigue, of money-raising college presidents, of self-seeking department heads, and of self-protective or intimidated teachers. The picture of Haverstraw campus—a mediocre university which is revolutionized by the discovery of "biocin"—is the best achievement in the novel. David Luzzatto has come to this college as an impetuous and ambitious research worker who becomes the assistant of the "great" Professor Ullman. Only very slowly does Luzzatto discover that Victor Ullman is the tragic wreck of the man he should have been, and that his jealousy and envy of his gifted young protégé will have disastrous consequences.

These consequences form the plot of the novel, and they keep the action almost continuously interesting, even though we begin to realize, towards the middle of the story, that the narrative is highly contrived. Where Mr. Lipsky is weakest is in the love and marriage relationship in the novel; the depth relations of human beings which center around the feminine portraits. What is curious, too, is that such an intelligent and well-informed writer should select only the more superficial aspects of scientific research for his theme. The hero is triumphant, the novel has a noble moral end; but some of Mr. Lipsky's readers will still be worried about what the scientists are going to do next. There is "biocin," and there is the big bang.

KANSAS CITY LADY: Evan S. Connell, Jr.'s **"Mrs. Bridge"** (Viking, $3.75) is an unusual novel whose central character is peripheral, even in the world she privately occupies. Mrs. Bridge is the wife of a Kansas City lawyer, who loses first the love and then the friendship of her three children. She is a "bona-fide country-club matron, . . . whose insights usually arrived too late to illuminate the situation." She is a woman of too much leisure, who is always on her way home from a luncheon, or an Auxiliary meeting, or a cocktail party, thinking of "what she should have said, and could have said, instead of only smiling and replying, 'It does seem too bad,' or, 'Well, yes, I expect that's true.'" She is always beginning: to study Spanish, or to paint, or to enlarge her vocabulary; she is always waiting for someone to call or to need her, wondering why she is waiting. For her appearances are an abiding concern: "a lady always carries a purse" and wears stockings. She follows "the manners" she has been taught. She is committed to her cliché of living; being committed, there is "nothing to do but proceed" through her life of fathomless incidents.

In 117 titled episodes Mr. Connell creates his picture. The book appears casual, as if one incident, by the way, reminded him of another possible incident. The little scenes move almostly idly with quiet humor, like life, through the unspecified time of changing relationships: Mrs. Bridge ages, life ceases. The difficulty of such telling lies in the danger of hiccoughing the reader into boredom as actual as Mrs. Bridge's own.

But Mr. Connell is a skilled pointillist. Rarely does he fail to place his dot of character in the proper place. The novel, for all its fragility, is sturdy. Although the heroine does not realize her moments' significances, the reader does understand—and cares. —Hollis Summers.

JUNGLE STRONGMAN: In the last few years we have had a crop of native African writers, such as Mongo Beti and Amos Tutuola, writing in English, neither very dramatically nor informatively. Chinua Achebe's fictive biography, **"Things Fall Apart"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.75), is probably the best of them. No European ethnologist could so intimately present this medley of mores of the Ibo tribe, nor detail the intricate formalities of life in the clan.

The story weaves back and forth around the great wrestler and planter, Okonkwo, a giant who deplores his clan's loss of manhood; they are no longer the great warriors of his youth. Their greatest foray was to steal in revenge a boy from another clan. Okonkwo adopted him, forgot about him until the oracle in the cave decreed his death, and then helped in that slaughter. He planted his yams, but the rains came to wrestle their roots from the earth, and the sun scorched the next planting. He had trouble with witches, who returned, reincarnated in each child, and had to be killed and mutilated as counsel to them not to come back again.

Okonkwo was badgered by polygamy, and unpardonably beat a wife during the Week of Peace before planting, thus affronting the earth goddess, Ani. But, worse, he inadvertently killed a clansman and was sentenced to seven years' expulsion from the clan. He returned to find calamity. The white man had arrived with his missionaries, who had been given a plot in the Evil Wood to build their chapel. The chapel was burned, followed by reprisals by the whites. Okonkwo killed one of their convert messengers, and hanged himself in despair of his degenerate clan which would not rally to him.

The flashbacks of the book are confusing, the narration undisciplined, but as an objective view of the Ibo customs it is of both interest and value. —Hassoldt Davis.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

INTERNAL EVIDENCE

This year marks the sesquicentennial of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe. As a small tribute to the star-crossed genius, who got the American short story on its way, Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, has selected ten sentences taken directly from that many of his tales, in each of which sentences there is a strong clue to the story's title. Answers on page 31.

1. I know not how it was, but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit.
2. We had birds, gold fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a cat.
3. He prided himself on his connoisseurship of wine.
4. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss and thus a different and milder destruction awaited me.
5. It was a low, dull, quick sound, much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.
6. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavor.
7. It had a large black seal, bearing the D----- cipher very conspicuously, and it was addressed in a diminutive female hand to D-----, the minister, himself.
8. Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair.
9. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back and another, somewhat larger, at the other.
10. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum.

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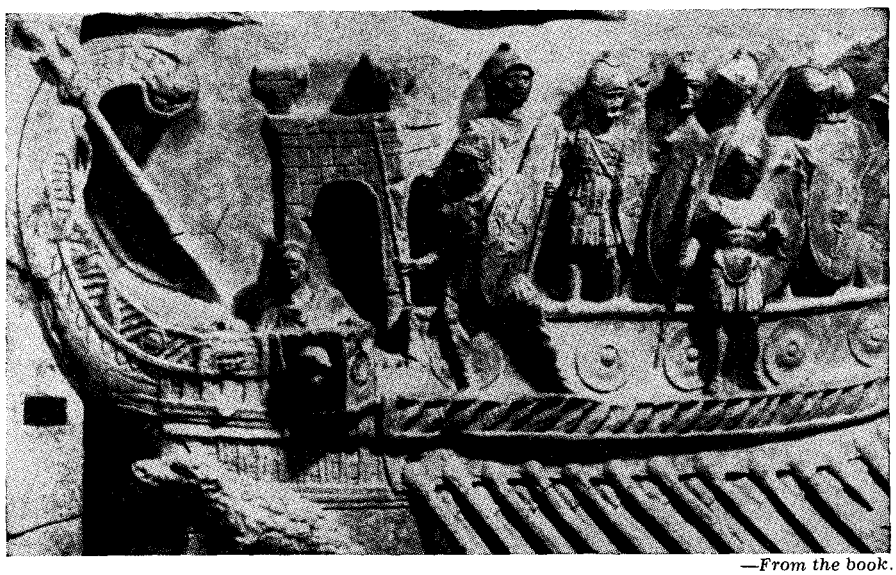
Wanderings in the Watery Part of History

"The Ancient Mariners: Seafarers and Sea Fighters of the Mediterranean in Ancient Times," by Lionel Casson *(Macmillan. 286 pp. $5.95), fattens scholarship with the recent sea diggings of skin divers to recreate a centuries-old civilization. Walter Magnes Teller, who cheers the achievement, is the author of "The Voyages of Joshua Slocum."*

By Walter Magnes Teller



—*From the book.*

A Roman warship used in the Battle of Actium, 32 B.C.

MARITIME bygones from the invention of sail—which Lionel Casson estimates as c. 3500 B.C.—to the time when helmsmen learned to steer by compass and with rudder—about 1200 A.D.—is the main concern of "The Ancient Mariners." And I think the story, as the author pleasantly calls it, pretty well meets Morris Cohen's ideal of history: "an imaginative reconstruction of the past which is scientific in its determinations and artistic in its formulations."

In shaping his course through the nautical past, Mr. Casson, a professor of classics at New York University, does first-rate detective work. His account is based on the findings of sea-bounded archeology—sea diggings, he calls it—wreck-raisings, the examination of antique wreckages first dredged up by Mediterranean sponge divers and more recently by shoals of skin divers. Thus his book (which he claims is first in the field) could not have been written much sooner. Naturally, he also draws information and makes his deductions from writings on clay earlier exhumed from the dry sands of Egypt and all manner of Eastern places. He has performed his research well, not only in libraries and museums but, thanks to a Guggenheim Foundation grant, on the sites of the old vanished seaports as well.

Mr. Casson is that rare bird in American university employment, a scholar-teacher who can write; and that, of course, is where the touch of the artist comes in. What a pleasure to read him. The dust jacket announces he is an amateur sailor of twenty years, and indeed one notes almost everywhere in these pages a fresh-air breather, as well as professor, on the job. Casson writes of men and ships long ages gone but the awful stillness of thousands of years of death has not lengthened his face nor slowed his hand. If he heard the sirens of scholarship for its own sake, he resisted their song. And so he was not washed onto that shore where the bones of living-dead academics lie bleaching, but made it home with a fine, fascinating book after his years of wanderings in the watery part of history.

Again, the author does not present what happened in history as inevitable. His scrutiny of the ancients in their sea lanes, their scramblings for sea influence and power, their gropings with cartography, achieves a transcending value as a study in human nature. Small and mistaken people, as well as the big and deep ones, then as now, were sometimes thrust forward by circumstances. "Anybody can make history," said Oscar Wilde. "Only a great man can write it."

Many of the passages quietly cry for quotation. In a chapter called "The Dawn of Maritime Exploration," Mr. Casson sifts the legendary from the historical. Jason, skipper of the *Argo*, was heading eastward.

> Why not westward? The golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides, which later Greeks located near the Strait of Gibraltar, would seem just as fair and tangible a prize as a golden fleece. But perhaps not. Later ages knew that the peoples who lived at the farther end of the Black Sea where Jason's Aea was located had a way of washing gold from a river by tying fleeces in the stream so that particles of the dust would adhere to them. It was the earliest known form of placer mining. If we assume that rumors of this had reached Jason's part of the world, the "search for the golden fleece" suddenly comes into focus; it becomes a search for treasure, a completely understandable reason for daring exploration.

Increased understanding of the ways by which exploration proceeded is the other larger view which the reader gains from this book. No one can get the picture, really, of geographical discovery without some knowledge of ships, sail, and navigation. The winds and waters of the world go round and round and little by little men have learned to use them. "History in a way was only repeating itself when the Portuguese opened up Africa, and Spain, America." I do not know about that. For the most part, history repeats itself because historians repeat one another. Still and all, this handsome book is unique.

GIBRALTAR: Ten generations of English soldiers have done duty in "the Rock's" gloomy corridors, not to mention the Spaniards and Moors, who came before them. Its forbidding face is familiar to all Americans literate enough to read an insurance advertisement, and it played a part in the

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American Revolution as well as American operations in the Second World War.

The story of Gibraltar is told in Allen Andrews's **"Proud Fortress"** (Dutton, $3.75) by photographs as well as text. With a subject of such possibilities, it is a pity that they haven't been fully realized. For the book covers only the superficialities of the two and a half centuries the Rock has been a British fortress. The writing is smooth to the point of being slick, and no sources are cited.

In spite of its shortcomings, "Proud Fortress" limns a satisfactory portrait for the reader who likes his history in small and palatable doses. One of Gibraltar's many climaxes came in the fall of 1942 during the preparations for Operation TORCH (the Anglo-American invasion of North Africa). It was then that Winston Churchill commended the stronghold to the care of its new temporary commander, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, with the message: "The Rock of Gibraltar is safe in your hands."

Still, Churchill may have had a few doubts. At any rate, he made certain by adding to the numbers of the celebrated Barbary apes, which are believed to insure the safety of the proud fortress as long as they remain on the job. And once again they made good.

—Lynn Montross.

BRITANNIA

A Ride Before the Sun Set

***"Kitchener: Portrait of an Imperialist," by Philip Magnus** (Dutton. 410 pp. $6.50), evaluates, after forty years, the reputation of a controversial English titan. The author's terms of reference disturb Major General Jim Dan Hill, Army U.S., Ret., who is both an historian and the president of State College in Superior, Wis.*

By Jim Dan Hill

SOME biographers have a bad habit of measuring their man's place in history with a micrometer gauged to their own modern environment. This often results in an anachronism of values.

A juvenile education film of early vintage exemplifies the scope of possible error inherent in such practices. The film presented Paul Revere, booted, spurred, spreading the alarm astride a Kentucky thoroughbred. The engrossed, eighth-grade audience naturally accepted this, but when Revere and his steed flashed past a series of telephone poles, a thin voice shrilled: "The Big Dope! Why doesn't he phone 'em?"

Sir Philip Magnus is, of course, infinitely more artful than the producer of that crude Revere film. He has a bird dog's skill at flushing obscure but interesting and cogent facts. His text often bristles with pertinent and sprightly quotations. His paragraphs have the clarity and tight coherence one associates with the best in historical narration. But he arrives at his evaluations within such modern terms of reference that his criticisms of Kitchener are as jarringly anachronistic as the juvenile judgment of Paul Revere.

Field Marshal Horatio Herbert Kitchener (1850-1916) was a rugged individualist through an era in which individualism was a virtue. Splendid improvisations were the hallmark of genius. There appears to be no place for such men in England's bureaucracy wonderland of collective planners, who chart from womb to tomb the security, health, wealth, and welfare of each and every citizen. In any event, Sir Philip takes a stern, modern, British Civil Service viewpoint of him: ". . . he was useless for teamwork; disorderly with documents."

Lord Kitchener: Viscount of Khartoum; map maker of the Holy Land and Cyprus; in service of the Khedive, achieving command of the Egyptian army; triumphant in Sudan; victorious in South Africa; C.-in-C. of the Indian Armies; *de facto* overlord of Egypt and the Sudan; thence to Asquith's Liberal Cabinet at the outbreak of World War I as Secretary of State for War. He died in the sinking of *H.M.S. Hampshire* while en route to Russia. It is a career that personifies the British Empire at its Victorian zenith.

But with Sir Philip imperialists are anathema: Kipling was an apologist for Empire. Disraeli was bad. Little Englander Gladstone, of whom Sir Philip is a more enthusiastic biographer, was a precursor of modern right. Between the brutality of Russian imperialism and the bounties of "American imperialism" Sir Philip sees no basis for British competition. With the decline of England's Empire thus rationalized into a good riddance, how

"... We will filibuster on the beaches, we will filibuster in the towns, we will filibuster ..."

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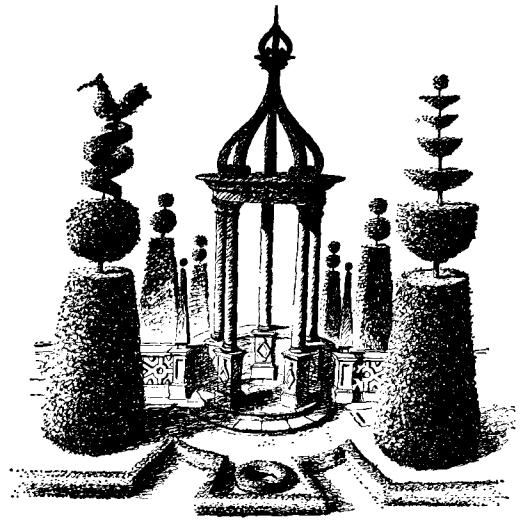
could Kitchener, personification of Empire, rate high?

Under Sir Philip's pen, he doesn't; but no consistent effort is made to explain Kitchener's unprecedented prestige with all the English people. In the Cabinet crises of 1914-1916 the decadent Liberal Party of Asquith, Lloyd George, *et al.*, used Kitchener and traded unmercifully upon his prestige, strong sense of duty, and patriotism. Moreover, he was right in the big decisions more often than they, such as the prospective length of the war and initial troop dispositions. Sir Philip Magnus prefers to emphasize his lesser mistakes, and they certainly were made, such as his refusal to make major use of Haldane's territorial army divisions.

KITCHENER also shared with Churchill a harvest of abuse for the disastrous Dardanelles expedition. The Cabinet Liberals were offering Churchill and their nation's hero as scapegoats while Kitchener was sailing from Scapa Flow on his death voyage. The long-lived and highly articulate Churchill has brilliantly refused that role and, in defending himself, has done much to lift the onus from Kitchener. There has been little if any defense of Kitchener for the munitions debacle, of which Lloyd George made the most and in which Sir Philip Magnus enthusiastically concurs.

Actually, munitions was a political-industrial problem in total effort, the techniques for solving which were not fully learned in English-speaking countries until 1942. Expecting a prompt, 1915 solution by Kitchener, who had been out of England most of his life, is almost in a class with asking why Paul Revere had not invented the telephone in anticipation of his alarm mission. In short, notwithstanding Sir Philip's literary brilliance and research skill, Clio awaits an adequate one-volume evaluation of Lord Kitchener.



OUR ENGLAND IS A GARDEN: Elizabeth Burton's **"The Pageant of Elizabethan England"** (Scribners, $3.95) is a compendium of information about the Elizabethan world. Ornate gardens were particularly popular. Above; a garden pattern, and, right, a formal topiary along a stately walk.

PITFALLS AND PRATFALLS: Lawrence Durrell's latest effort, **"Esprit de Corps"** (Dutton, $2.75), is a combined diplomacy-spoofer and depression-chaser. Composed of eleven separate incidents, described in vignette fashion, the book tells tales on Foreign Service life as Durrell, a former British press officer, reminisces with a friend about their experiences abroad.

The most amusing chapters concern Yugoslavia. In one Mr. Durrell relates the journey to Zagreb by Belgrade's foreign diplomatic corps on Tito's "Liberation-Celebration" train, a trip organized for the purpose of showing off Yugoslavia's new machinery prowess. The train turned out to be a paragon of gingerbread decorativeness and a nightmare of danger and discomfort. In a scene akin to a Marx Brothers film, the diplomats were called upon to be true soldiers of their countries and to maintain courage and decorum—that is, until it was a question of making the return trip on the same infernal machine.

In another chapter Mr. Durrell describes a great little newspaper published in Yugoslavia by two maiden English ladies. Their paper was so full of typographical errors, thanks to the band of savage Serbian peasants who set the type with ruthless inaccuracy, that even the motto did not roll off the presses properly: "The *Balkan Herald* Keeps the British Flag Frying." The paper was published a day behind schedule one time, and afterwards the lady editors were never quite able to catch up. The misprint headlines such as "Britain's New Flying-Goat" and "Queen Gives Panty for Ex-Servicemen" provided a constant source of amusement—as well as embarrassment—to the British official colony.

Mr. Durrell tells of the evening the British Ambassador swallowed a moth at toasting time during his first dinner for Communist bigwigs. This incident also triggered off the spilling of the flaming dessert pudding all over the guests, adding to the truly warm British hospitality. But the most hilarious event of all, in which Mr. Durrell proves he is a *raconteur par excellence*, is the story of the British Ambassador's first formal party on a raft afloat on the Sava River. When the raft was mysteriously cut loose from its moorings and drifted down towards the dangerous junction with the Danube River, the guests became hysterical. They were shot at with one cannon charge of old beer caps and cigarette tins by nervous sentries ashore. They mistook spilled tomato sauce for bloodstains. They mistook their rescuers in small river boats for more attackers and valiantly fought them off. Finally the raft disintegrated into logs, bearing a strange cargo of clutching, formally dressed, shouting diplomats. No "Perils of Pauline" plot could possibly approach this chapter in its sustained mishap and humor.

Vasiliu's drawings are delightful, and the stories of diplomatic pitfalls and pratfalls are neatly told. The subject matter is trivial and amusing in itself, but it takes a deft turn of the pen to make it all sound as incredibly funny as Mr. Durrell does.

—LETITIA BALDRIDGE.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 815

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 815 will be found in the next issue.

GLRACNLNGB NG CPR

ONKGC GCRA DW CPR

KDMS CD APNEDGDAPZ.

—SNSRKDC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 814

The gent who wakes up and finds himself a success hasn't been asleep.

—WILSON MIZNER.

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Literature Undefended

OURS must be a literary age, because the instant a person mentions literature everyone in sight begins to defend it. Helen of Troy had fewer heroes between her and the Greeks than literature has between it and whatever besiegers are at the gates.

It may be that some sort of attacking force does, in fact, exist. If it does, I am not worried by it. It is the defenders I am wary of, and foremost among them are those apologists who begin by asserting that "Literature Is Useful," and who thereupon proceed to praise the study of literature in the name of communication skills. Reduced to its basic absurdity, their argument is that the study of literature is important because it prepares a man to write a better business letter and thus to become more employable within the corporate structure of American society. One may as well argue that surgical training is important because it prepares a man to do a better job of carving his Christmas goose. It does, but who cares?

It is a debasement to make the study of literature a substitute for the minimum course in literacy. The fact that a certain amount of what goes on in educational theory argues for just such a substitution is no justification, but a cause for concern. The study of literature is self-justifying. No apology is required. None is in order.

Literature is one of the central continuing experiences of the race. It is no cultural ornament. It is as discreet a method of knowledge as is science, and the kind of knowledge literature makes available is not approachable by scientific method. Through literature, the voices of mankind's most searching imaginations remain alive to all time. No man is half-civilized until those voices have sounded within him. A savage, after all, is simply a human organism that has not received enough news from the human race. Literature is one most fundamental part of that news. One needs to hear Job lift his question into the wind; it is, after all, every man's question at some time. One needs to stand by Oedipus and to hold the knife of his own most terrible resolution. One needs to come out of his own Hell with Dante and to hear that voice of joy hailing the sight of his own stars returned-to. One needs to run with Falstaff, roaring in his own appetites and weeping into his own pathos. What one learns from those voices is his own humanity. He learns what it is to carry about within mortal meat a bulb of brain wired to a bush of dendrites. Until he has heard those voices deeply within himself, what man can have any sizable idea of himself?

Literature, however, is never about ideas, but always and only about *the experience of ideas*. Scientists and philosophers discuss ideas. The reader of a good poem does not discuss ideas with the poet; he *becomes* the poet and relives the experience of the poet's imagination.

That experience is a subtle and far-reaching thing. In the act of a good poem or of a play or novel or short story, the good reader lives a life, or a part of a life, which otherwise could not have occurred to him. And he is detached from that experience at the same time that he knows his own life is very much involved. That experience, moreover, is heightened by being shaped into form; the accidental is eliminated. If the form is good, everything works toward perception. There are no distractions. And because form is indestructible, the experience is always there to be returned to. Should life distract him, the reader can always return to the purity of experience within form, to find once more, and ever green, the center of value uncluttered by peripheral confusions.

The experience of great literature, above all, is inseparable from the experience of great language, and language is forever one of the profoundest activities of the human race. Language greatly used has all the sanction of a sacrament; the race is as incapable of forgetting a great poem as it is of losing its last wish under the stars. The resonance of great language taking place within the forms of great imagination, is the civilizing force. To dismiss that resonance as merely useful, is to strip society of its culture and to offer it only a technology in return. That resonance is to the life of man what breath is to his body. Art is the way the mind breathes.

As a practicing pessimist, I can locate most of my fears for the future of the United States in the disappearance of that fundamental resonance from the language of official pronouncement. Certainly a nation so lacking in resonance that it can accept federal prose as a language capable of legislating human destinies, is a nation part way to the door of darkness. Does any man seriously believe he can hope to discover who we are by reading the day's prose from Washington?

LET him try it, and then let him return to the Declaration of Independence to hear again the resonance of what we were in the beginning. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

Who can imagine a statement of such force and resonance except as the product of minds shaped and informed by a life-giving contact with all that continuity of experience we call the humanities? There is no education and there is no civilization except as it keeps alive and transmits that resonance. There is no society worth preserving except as that resonance echoes in the voices of its laws, its legislators, and its citizens. There is no question of defending literature. It defends us. Without its voices in us, we are all indefensible.

—John Ciardi.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FACT FOR CONJECTURE

THE FINAL PARAGRAPH of Nicholas Deak's article on European currency (*SR*, Jan. 10) abandons fact for conjecture and even his facts become biased. He speaks, for example, of the "small advantage" the tourist entertains at present as a result of devaluation of the franc. Surely 17.55 per cent is no small advantage. He says even this "will last for sixty or perhaps ninety days before prices begin to rise" and then goes on to talk of the likelihood of an "evaporation" of this advantage by the time the summer rush begins.

No one can foretell categorically what will happen to prices in France in the next ninety days. Indeed, some price increases on nontourist items were announced when the devaluation was decreed. But it is the considered opinion of French financiers that the over-all rise in the cost of living will not go beyond 3 per cent.

MYRON CLEMENT.

New York, N. Y.

TIMELY AND IMPORTANT

CONGRATULATIONS ON the timely and important article by A. Wilfred May (*SR*, Dec. 6)—which leads me to quote from the Nestor of the American art world, Paul J. Sachs: "Many American collectors," he declares, "tend, without a trace of passionate conviction, to toe a line dictated by fashion." This wise pronouncement you will find in the introduction to a recent book by James Thrall Soby.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG.

New York, N. Y.

MORE ON MAY

WHEN WILFRED MAY compares investment in art to that in securities and common stocks (unless he refers to art dealers) he resorts to what he himself designates as "false art-investment analogy." The art collector is attracted mainly by permanent value, happy to register any increase, but not necessarily selling as profits appear, just as real estate investors. Both kinds of investment are subject to fluctuations of value caused by current fashion. Each can yield a windfall: a neglected artist may suddenly rise in demand, or from under the worthless desert dunes, oil may sprout. But I challenge Mr. May's argument, when he treats investment in art on the same level as commodities. Gainsboroughs may have declined, yet they lost less during depressions than the most "solid" securities and stocks. Mr. May cannot deny that the course of stocks and bonds, as well as art, equally depends on capricious factors of a psychological nature, fashion, and taste. His attack on art as investment runs counter to the wise tax policy of the United States, which favors donation of such objects to public institutions. The government, in contrast to Mr. May, realizes that as the gold in Fort Knox serves the financial stability of the country, so art treasures deposited in museums serve the cultural stability of the country. Art collectors all like to feel, and justifiably, that with their collection they have their money's worth.

ABRIS SILBERMAN.

New York, N. Y.

PERFORMED SERVICE

FOR SOME TIME I have been meaning to write to congratulate *SR* on publishing the article by A. Wilfred May on "Art as an Investment." The article was not only interesting from an artistic standpoint, but performed an extremely useful service for readers in providing a sound economic measuring stick for the intangible qualities of great paintings.

GEORGE BOOKMAN.

New York, N. Y.

BRAVE AND REFRESHING

WILFRED MAY has made a sound appraisal of the comparative values of art as financial investment. But the highlight of his treatise for me is that art be bought for esthetic enjoyment only. A brave and refreshing statement! When art is bought for this purpose alone, not only does it pay infinite dividends of pleasure, but can prove itself a significantly valuable diversionary asset.

KAYE BELMONT.

New York, N. Y.

BITTER PEANUT

THAT GRATUITOUS and all-inclusive insult to journalism professors which Louis Lyons tacked onto the end of his otherwise excellent review of the Alsop brothers' book (*SR*, Nov. 22) was like a bitter peanut at the bottom of the bag, spoiling the taste of all that had been enjoyed. A sweeping generalization like that comes with poor grace from a man who ought to understand the meaning of responsible journalism, if anyone does.

CHARLES T. DUNCAN.

Eugene, Ore.

MAN OF THE YEAR

WERE SR electing its man of the year it would certainly have to be Granville Hicks, who, from the first issue in which his LITERARY HORIZONS appeared, has brought literature back to the *Saturday Review*. Thank you for the best criticism you have given your readers in a long time.

REBEKAH H. POLLER.

Schenectady, N. Y.

HOORAY AND HIP

I SAY, HOORAY, for Martin Levin's PHOENIX NEST. I also say the writing is the funniest stuff I've seen for a long time. And what's more, Levin seems to give the new or unknown writer a break.

M. K. WILLIAMS.

Denver, Col.

CIARDI CONTINUED

IF I HAVE CORRECTLY analyzed the devious logic of your admirably articulate but maddeningly incomprehensible John Ciardi, I must either declare him to be wrong or admit to a wasted life in poetry. Whatever else poetry may be, it certainly must first be a means of communication. If the goal of poetry is to achieve beautiful sound, the best poem will never be as effective as a bad saxophone. If the goal is only to assemble beautiful words, a good dictionary is the highest expression of poetry.

WILLARD E. CHAMBERS.

Fort Bragg, N. C.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Head-Shaking and Shakespeare

THE Living Theatre at Sixth Avenue and Fourteeth Street is the most pleasant, new off-Broadway playhouse to be constructed since the Theatre De Lys set off a rash of such remodelings six years ago. To give the old loft building a feeling of theatre, the windows have been adorned with lighted multi-colored panes. On the inside, the small auditorium seems chic and gay before the show and yet becomes completely black and undistracting when the time comes for us to shift our attention to the action onstage. The Living Theatre is operated by Julian Beck and Judith Malina, who have been doing intellectual and poetic plays off-Broadway for eleven years. They are not en route to Broadway. They merely wish to produce the sort of plays they like in an imaginative way, which pleases their own highly individual tastes. And to date their productions have usually aroused the curiosity of audiences even when they have left the majority of the spectators confused and shaking their heads. Since head-shaking is better than head-nodding, The Living Theatre promises to be a valuable vital force in the off-Broadway future.

ITS initial production in the new headquarters is **"Many Loves,"** written in 1941 by William Carlos Williams, one of America's foremost modern poets. The evening consists of a series of playlets that demonstrate how love in our time is often a mask for selfishness and bestiality, and how pitifully unable we are to communicate more than superficially with those whom we profess to love. Although Mr. Williams does not set out to explain why this should be the case, he suggests its roots when he has a tired middle-aged doctor exclaim, "Talk, talk, talk! Everything runs out finally into talk . . . And pretty soon we'll all be dead forever and never have opened our eyes wide once, wide, that is, to see what actually—starved as we live, because we never took a chance among the five or six thousand or million people of our small personal world to know them actually and individually—what actually the creature in the next bin is doing or feeling. And all the shyness and all the prudery and all the moral carpings are no more than so much heartburn from our chronic emptiness."

The playlets are tied together by postulating them as the work of an earnest young playwright, who is showing them to a rich and sophisticated homosexual friend. The situation quickly becomes a triangle, for the playwright has fallen in love with the leading lady of his company. And the homosexual expresses his jealousy by violently criticizing the plays as they are performed in front of him.

Mr. Beck, in his direction, and Miss Malina, in her performance as the leading lady, tend to overemphasize the surface comedy in such characters as a woman who laughs loudly when told that her pregnancy test was inconclusive because it was tried on a hermaphrodite rabbit, or a Lesbian who makes no attempt to disguise her one-track mind. Ron Durling plays the homosexual with elegance and intelligence, but so much of his effort goes into the amusing dilettantism of the character that he becomes more joke than sinister force.

The play's two best moments are the aforementioned speech by the doctor as acted fully and penetratingly by William Callen, and a farcical stunt at the beginning of the second act. Rudd Lowry, as a crippled old man, makes an agonizing entrance in which for two minutes he realistically simulates the groans and pains of severe arthritis. When, much to our relief he finishes, the homosexual interrupts and the actor finds himself having to go through the whole business again. The second entrance, exactly the same as the first, is now hilarious where it originally was tragic.

Is there, as the earnest young playwright occasionally suggests an attempt here to use theatre in a new way, to draw life as it recognizably is, messy and vulgar, but to avoid the theatrical convention of oversimplification so that each member of the audience will be provoked to build his own play out of it? Or is Mr. Williams simply out to make fun of love with a random approach? One suspects that a less facetious approach to the performance might engross us more deeply in the play's events, and then perhaps "Many Loves" would seem less bizarre.

AT THE Heckscher Theatre, the unsinkable Joseph Papp has mounted one of Shakespeare's most challenging plays, **"Antony and Cleopatra."** By performing it with only a suggestion of costume and with the characters

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merely stepping forward onto a lighted forestage as their cues arrive, the New York Shakespeare Festival company focuses its audience's attention directly upon the playwright's words and dramatic situations. The approach brings clarity and neat economy to what is often buried under extravagant ornamentation.

A second reason for attending this free performnce (those who wish may send a check to the New York Shakespeare Festival, 1230 Fifth Avenue to make possible two productions in Central Park this summer) is the fact that the title roles are played by two of the best young performers to emerge in recent years. George Scott and Colleen Dewhurst are so talented that one would be interested in seeing them attempt any part.

Yet their approach to "Antony and Cleopatra" fails for their refusal to accept the logical challenges that have been given them. It may be interesting to think of Antony as a sort of General MacArthur, but the play requires that this triple pillar of the world be reduced to impotence by the shrewd maneuverings of a *femme fatale*. Mr. Scott seems completely impervious to Cleopatra's charms and more concerned with his own ego. He says each line indirectly as if it hides some inner feeling too good to be expressed in a hypocritical world. He rasps but does not roar, he hisses but he doesn't sting. He makes a line like "It is in the East my pleasure lies" an insidious rather than a sad remark. He never walks. He slithers, he tiptoes, and he crouches with his head tilted menacingly on one side. It is a classic example of a man who trusts his tricks rather his talent.

Miss Dewhurst's problems stem in good part from having to play opposite this conception of Antony. After all, a *femme fatale* whose stuff is not having any effect is hardly a *femme fatale*. So she is left simply as a queen with a political dilemma. And as so often happens when actresses play queens, she works at appearing queenly and each speck of forced nobility tells us that she is not one. Ironically enough, Miss Dewhurst achieves something approaching Cleopatra's quality only after Antony has died. It is too late.

Since one must always blame the director for an actor's misconception of a role, Mr. Papp has failed in this most essential portion of his job. It is too bad, for the rest of the production is fine with a great deal of the usually missed humor nicely brought out. Let us hope that the New York Shakespeare Festival will repeat "Antony and Cleopatra" someday with a different kind of Antony.

—Henry Hewes.

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TV AND RADIO

Near-Missing the Point

THE PREVAILING mood of TV drama a couple of years ago was brilliantly defined by Ring Lardner, Jr., as "the Caine Mutiny Effect." Until three minutes before the last commercial all your liberal, idealistic, and generous feelings were called into action and then the *deus ex machina* slapped a wet towel in your face and proved you were an arrant slob of a sentimentalist because the tough old businessman who killed off his underlings, or the good old army brass that couldn't tell a patriot from a traitor, was right after all!

It wouldn't be just to say that the prevailing winds of TV drama are blowing in two directions at once—they seem only to blow two points off their own indicated direction. In "Face of a Hero" on Playhouse 90 we had another of Pierre Boulle's studies of fatal rigidity, much like his two antagonists in "The Bridge Over the River Kwai"—this time a prosecuting attorney who will not be stayed by pressure or fear, and who will insist upon the strictest letter of the law. In the case we see, he is relentlessly prosecuting the rich wastrel of the town for the murder of the wastrel's pregnant mistress. Wealth and honors are offered to him if he will lay off—but he presses on and at the end, to the acclamation of the crowd, he demands the death penalty.

The twist is that the prosecuting attorney, and he alone, *knows the man is innocent!*

The play itself showed us that our "hero" and his fiancée were romping in the bracken nearby—where she had proposed and he had virtuously refused immediate seduction. It has been suggested that he was so confident in the processes of the law that he would not interfere with them! But the simple fact is that the casting, the camera work, the structure of the play that gave the whole of its center to the man's resistance to pressure, fatally made him the hero, without quotes. To make sure we had our sympathies in the right place, a Negro appeared in the crowd that swarmed in the courtroom to congratulate the man whom we knew to be in intent a murderer of the innocent. And by refusing to give us any lead to his motives, the play made him into the simple legendary figure of the crusading lawyer we have known since the time of Booth Tarkington's early novels.

I DO NOT know what Pierre Boulle had in mind. I do know what Henry James had in mind in "The Wings of the Dove" because he has told us. His heroine is a "young person conscious of a great capacity for life, but early stricken . . . condemned to die [by illness] . . . aware of the condemnation . . ." The listing of the Playhouse 90 show in the *New York Herald Tribune* was, "Story of a girl whose aunt disapproves of her romance with an impoverished writer." James did indeed launch his story of Milly Theale with a background for Kate Croy: A "dazzling, damning apparition" of a father and a married sister whose very name—Mrs. Condrip—creates the image of squalling babies and leaking faucets and ghastly poverty from which Kate escapes to a rich aunt who does, indeed, encourage Kate to look for money in marriage. And Kate's pretty way is to suggest to the man she loves that he marry the rich American who is soon to die—and live happily ever after on her money.

But the emphasis was slightly off. James did start with Kate Croy and the surroundings that made her so fearful of poverty—but this was the first of ten segments *of a novel*—and the old master of construction, of which this is a beautiful example, knew he would bring the true center of the story into proper focus. But television has its own laws and when you cast a vibrant and strange-looking enchantress like Dana Wynter as Kate and give her the opening scenes of the play and then do not really write Milly's part for the more conventional beauty, Inga Swenson, you cannot repair the disequilibrium by making Kate more wicked than she was and vulgar as well.

When Kate has opened her plan to her lover (Merton Densher, called Miles in the play) he falls in with it, not enthusiastically, and—a bold stroke for James—demands prepayment. Kate "comes to him" and James is almost horrified to write the words: "she stays." In the play, Kate seduces Miles and then refuses to sleep with him again until he has won Milly. It destroys the pity that we should feel for all of the characters—which specifically the story is intended to evoke.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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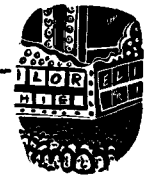

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Sleeping Beauties

A "SLEEPER," in movie parlance, is not rolling stock with beds in it, but an inexpensive picture that somehow captures the imagination of the public and exceeds its anticipated profits. It is the kind of movie that you see on the bottom half of a double bill, then go home and tell your friends about—without ever mentioning the star-studded, expensive picture that got you into the theatre in the first place. Curiously, "sleepers" are made neither by the studios nor the critics. They come through word of mouth, from the individual enthusiasm of each ticket-buyer. Rarely do they have the benefit of any special advertising or exploitation, or even a downtown opening. You have to watch for them.

Although the number of "sleepers" was never very large—perhaps one or two a year—it has declined even further in recent times. When pictures were rolling off the assembly lines of the great film factories, there was always the possibility that some exceptionally talented and daring young man (like Garson Kanin, Fred Zinnemann, Jules Dassin, or Robert Wise, all of whom produced a "sleeper" or two in their time) might combine story and technique into something fresh, off-beat, and exciting. Today, production has become so stratified that the emergence of a genuine "sleeper" is almost impossible. Either pictures are in the big-star, big-story, big-money category, or they are hastily produced exploitation items turned out on the lowest possible budget imaginable, with quality no object.

Recently, Irving Lerner, a veteran documentary film maker who also has had considerable experience in the Hollywood studios, determined to find out for himself whether it might not still be possible to do something better than a rock 'n' roll movie on a budget of less than $100,000. What sends the cost skyrocketing, he knew, are name stars, the rights to successful plays or novels, a protracted shooting schedule, and the high overhead involved in studio production. What he needed was a story—preferably an action story or a melodrama, since these could be most easily marketed—involving a minimum of interiors, actors, and distant locations. What he also needed was an independent producing outfit, a company that could rent studio space when required but would not add an arbitrary 40 per cent to his budget for overhead during the entire production period. And he needed a young actor talented enough to carry the film, but not star enough to demand a fat salary. He found the one in Orbit Productions, an independent company headed by Milton Sperling and Philip Yordan, the other in Vince Edwards, the star of several previous low-budget entries.

Irving Lerner—"keeps the screen alive."

As I said earlier, it is the audience that makes a "sleeper." It would be presumptuous of me to suggest that Mr. Lerner's two new pictures, both starring young Edwards, are anything more than beautifully made, tremendously exciting melodramas. But I offer as candidates for "sleepers of the year" his **"Murder by Contract"** and **"City of Fear"** (Columbia). Both have lean, off-beat stories, which are swiftly told in about eighty minutes of screen time. Both maintain the kind of chills and tensions that almost seem to have vanished from the medium with the advent of the wide screens. And both set up patterns of movement which remind one that the motion picture is essentially a visual experience. The sound track is skillfully used, but dialogue is pared to a minimum. Whenever anything important happens, it happens on the screen.

Of the two, I should say that "City of Fear" is somewhat better. It has a stronger story line and a more interesting idea behind it. A criminal escapes from San Quentin carrying a steel canister containing, he believes, a million dollars worth of pure heroin. What it actually holds is a quantity of radioactive Cobalt 60, which is enough to wipe out an entire city. Unwittingly, he has seized a two-edged weapon. If the police broadcast the actual contents, the man might use it to hold the city at bay (and at the same time panic the citizenry). Meanwhile, he is dying by inches from the radiation. Ironically, the police dragnet—equipped with Geiger counters—is set up as much to save his life as to capture him.

It is characteristic of Mr. Lerner's style that this story, with its murders, its sinister hoodlums, its inherent violence, is told largely by implication. No killings take place on camera; brutality is suggested rather than shown. For he has discovered that in films a reaction shot is often stronger than a head-on view of the action itself—especially if one jumps from the beginnings of a fight to the horrified expression of an on-looker, while the sounds of the scuffle continue on the sound-track. From his documentary experience, he knows how to keep the screen alive. His cameras seem to be everywhere at once—riding a squad car; staring in huge close-up at the deadly canister hugged to the criminal's chest; and at the far end of a narrow alley as the man stumbles in panic away from his pursuers and toward his death. A modern, rhythmic, percussive score by Jerry Goldsmith, for small orchestra, and the ominous, crackling snarls of the Geiger counters, supply an effective and often startling accompaniment.

"Murder by Contract," which is Mr. Lerner's personal favorite, follows the rise—and demise—of a cold, shrewd, calculating hired killer. Everything breaks right for him until he accepts an assignment to eliminate a key witness in a governmental trial—a woman. The film apparently is trying to say that the explanation for this young man's antisocial behavior is to be found in his uneasy relationships with women. Unfortunately, the script never gets around to exploring this facet of his personality; what we have instead is a series of brilliantly staged murders and attempted murders (again by implication), an imaginative use of the camera, a taut, elliptical cutting style, and an electrifying guitar accompaniment to hold us from incident to incident. Perhaps the clue to Mr. Lerner's partiality is the fact that, despite the soft center of his picture, this is enough. "Murder," incidentally, was shot in eight days, "City" in seven and a half, whereas twenty-eight days seems to be about average for most big pictures today. Obviously, it takes more than just time to make a good movie . . .

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Symphonies by Shaw—Senofsky—"Don Giovanni"

THE Boston Symphony fulfilled, precisely, the implication of its title in its most recent visit to Carnegie Hall, in which Robert Shaw was the conductor for the first time in New York. The two programs were devoted to a total of six symphonies, of which the late Robert Kurka's Second and Wallingford Riegger's Fourth were both unfamiliar.

In the aftermath of the production, last spring, of Kurka's opera "The Good Soldier Schweik" at the City Center, there was a special curiosity about his symphony, which dates to 1953. Its forthright, affirmative character clearly established it as part of the productive pattern that culminated in the opera. The only blemish on a generally favorable impression was the sense of finality it conveyed. Instead of being regarded as a "transitional" work, it must stand as the insufficient summation of a talent that was only beginning to find itself when Kurka died of leukemia in the fall of 1957 at thirty-six.

What he seemed to be attempting in this alternately blustery and reticent work was a blend of natively derived thematic materials with the symphonic procedures of Prokofiev and Shostakovitch. The first and last movements work over figures with a syncopated, jazzy aspect juxtaposed to others of a more lyric character. The slow movement (there is no scherzo) investigates a melodic line a la Prokofiev in an engaging pattern of curving strings over punctuating background chords. Withal, there is a degree of freshness and impetuosity that defines Kurka as an imitator of nobody.

Riegger's No. 4 (a creation of 1957) is another sort of thing altogether, a sophisticated turning about of textures, now smooth side out, now rough, with weaves and patterns arranged just as the composer wills. From the simple, songful beginning for strings, one projected a meaningful work to follow, but Riegger was soon off in another direction, without convincing me that he had gotten there by procedures either logically or artistically ordained. Movement two is a reworking of materials utilized previously in a dance for Martha Graham ("Chronicles"), a kind of Spanish scherzo not related by character or contrast to the preceding allegro or the following finale. I found the procedures throughout discursive and fragmentary, with the ends of movements arrived at noninevitably, and also unconvincingly.

Juxtaposed with the new works on each program were a standard "classic" and a modern work of established worth. It is hard to find a meeting ground in Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" and Haydn's No. 104 ("London"), but Shaw provided it in an orchestral treatment for each that was always more meticulous than integrated, in which the orchestra was overconducted, the work under-interpreted. By and large these were acutely conceived, musically purposeful interpretations, but a number of technical failings—phrase ends that got away, rhythms that were anticipated, balances that were faulty—betrayed Shaw's inexperience in this literature. The deftness and delicacy of the Haydn slow movement was an engaging high point, the finale of the Tchaikovsky something it should never be—not frenzied, self-pitying or nobly resigned, rather, tight-lipped and a little stodgy.

Aside from the new works, which were very well served, Shaw had the greatest success with the contemporary classics: Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" and, particularly, Stravinsky's "Symphonies des Psaumes." At the risk of laboring the obvious—that Shaw, a choral conductor by training would have the most confidence in a work with chorus—it must be recognized that his Stravinsky had a blend and balance, a beauty and completeness not approached in anything else. Obvious or not, this was a superlative performance of one of Stravinsky's later masterworks, in which Shaw's pursuit of a melodic line proved two things: that the work itself possessed that rare attribute; and that he recognized it wherever it led. The sensitivity clearly is there: we wait on time to provide the technique to make it applicable to other things.

THE unfolding progression of Sir John Barbirolli's appearances with the New York Philharmonic permitted a demonstration of the conductor's mastery of means to make five sections of Gustav Holst's "The Planets" well worth performing, and Berl Senofsky's ability to discipline the violin concerto of Brahms. On the conductor's side the treatment of "Mars," "Venus," "Mercury," "Uranus" and "Jupiter" proved his sense of delicacy as well as mass, his capacity to make a quick, sure-handed adjustment from full-blown sonorities to effects of lightness and detail. Senofsky showed all the violinistic capacity to explain his victory in a Belgian competition the year before last, but insufficient personal projection. Whether he elected the broad tempi pursued by Barbirolli, or had to follow where he was led, there were too many pages in which the forward progress of the score was becalmed on a sea of introspection and deliberation. This would have been a trial for the most assured interpreter; for one of Senofsky's incomplete orientation to solo performance (he was, prior to his important win in Brussels, a member of the Cleveland Orchestra) it as downright perilous. It did not appear that Senofsky has the personal compulsion, enlivening imagination, or distinctive command of the instrument to compete with the established masters of violinistic Brahms.

KARL BÖHM and the Eugene Berman production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (in the staging of Herbert Graf) returned to the Metropolitan together in mid-January, foreshadowing a "second-half" repertory that should be of more interest and variety than the first half has been. Pictorially, the Berman decor remains one that any opera house would be proud to call its own, and the hand-matched cast responded to Böhm's direction with as much spirit and an even greater euphony of sound than in the introductory performances of last season.

With Cesare Siepi as a vocally maturing, physically compelling Don, the cast has a strong fulcrum on which to balance the other three men—Cesare Valetti as Don Ottavio, Fernando Corena as Leporello, and Theodor Uppman as Masetto—and the three principal ladies: Eleanor Steber (Donna Anna), Lisa della Casa (Elvira), and Roberta Peters (Zerlina). As a kind of antipodal voice to the Don's, the Commendatore of William Wildermann was both voluminous and expressive. As before, Böhm's direction of the overture does not promise too much, and one is more aware of painstaking method than of lyric madness in his treatment of the score as it unfolds. But there are few points missed and none slighted in his weaving together of the many strands, instrumental and vocal, in this uniquely tapestried creation. For this solidity and justice one can trade a little of flair and spaciousness that he lacks.

In the first three portions of the

(*Continued on page 57*)

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USSR

The Choppy Wave of the Future

***"Socialism in One Country, Vol. I," by Edward Hallett Carr** (Macmillan. 557 pp. $7.50), is an addition to the "History of Soviet Russia," to which the British political scientist has devoted the past thirteen years. Our critic, Norman Thomas, has campaigned for the U. S. Presidency six times on the Socialist ticket.*

By Norman Thomas

EDWARD HALLET CARR's first volume of "Socialism in One Country, 1924-1926" continues the history of Russia begun in his three-volume work, "The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923." This book, like its predecessors, bears witness to his tireless labor, his enormous knowledge of his subject and his command of a clear, lucid, and dispassionate English style. There are few men—even, one suspects, in the Soviet Union—possessed of the knowledge authoritatively to review critically his discussion of agriculture, labor, internal and foreign trade, finance and credit, and planning in the years under review. Of that few, this reviewer is not one. Part II of the book is clearly invaluable as an authoritative source for scholars concerned with this period—that of the temporary retreat under NEP (the New Economic Plan) from nearly total revolutionary collectivization.

On some characteristics of the book the careful and interested reader is entitled to comment. Professor Carr's survey of the "Background" (Part I of this volume) is acute in its recognition that not even the most absolute revolution—in intent—can escape the legacy of history, and the weariness which follows protracted revolutionary violence. His description of various aspects of the changing outlook is sound and discerning. He devotes a valuable chapter to personalities whose influence he had previously rather ignored in his insistence on the importance of social forces. But even in this chapter he thus summarizes his description of Stalin: "Stalin's ambiguous record was an expression of this dilemma. [That is, the contradiction between goal and method, the consequence of "the uphill struggle to bring a Socialist revolution to fruition in a backward environment."] He was an emancipator and a tyrant; a man devoted to a cause, yet a personal dictator . . . Few great men have been so conspicuously as Stalin the product of the time and place in which they lived." This reviewer questions the word "emancipator" in this connection and the view of history which goes so far in shifting personal responsibility to "time and place." He also would dispute Mr. Carr's apparent assumption that "Socialism," even by Marx's definition or Lenin's, has been achieved in one country as Stalin later asserted. Rather we have a totalitarian state-capitalism administered by a dictator, nominally for, but in no sense by, the people.

The reader, as well as the author, knows now what couldn't be known in 1923-26: that the NEP was only a halt in collectivization; it was no "Thermidor" after the pattern of the French Revolution. But the regressive taxation which Mr. Carr describes under the comparative recovery of these years has been greatly intensified now that "Socialism" has been achieved in one country. One is impressed that in the years under review the power of the triumvirate which had defeated Trotsky never equaled what Lenin had by moral and intellectual authority or what Stalin acquired by far more ruthless means. The Communist Party was then more than a ratifying machine; there was genuine discussion among leaders in the governmental apparatus.

Communism, whatever the crimes committed in its name, was always more than and different from a mere criminal conspiracy. What it did in the years under review Mr. Carr tells in great detail, but always—in this volume—from the governmental angle and on the basis almost entirely of government and party or party-controlled documents. One closes the book with a feeling—or at least a suspicion—that its author is consciously or unconsciously portraying what happened later as a virtually inevitable process in the achievement of "Socialism" in one country; that there could be no effective planning except the kind Stalin finally instituted. Bertram D. Wolfe in an earlier article on Mr. Carr's "The Bolshevik Revolution" concluded that "the hard core of this history of the Bolshevik Revolution is undoubtedly apologetics for what Professor Carr is convinced is the wave of the future." Professor Carr, one suspects, has written this learned book in the same spirit. But its value is great.

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF JUAN RAMON JIMENEZ. *Translated by H. R. Hays. Evergreen.* $1.75. For a Nobel Prize-winner, Jiménez is relatively little known in this country. Here are selections from his prose work, "Platero and I," in which the narrator chats to his mild-mannered, Andalusian donkey, as well as samplings from lyric poetry written over the past forty years.

PERSUASION. *By Jane Austen. Norton.* 85¢. The cavortings of the gentlefolk at the seaside resort of Bath are treated rather more harshly than customary with Jane Austen. This is her last, and posthumous novel, and if the irony is sharper, so are the characterizations.

GRANDFATHER STORIES. *By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Signet.* 50¢. Life along the Erie Canal, according to Mr. Adams's tales, was one big circus. The Adams family, who lived through these rollicking times, sounds no less amazing and fun-filled than the era in which they lived.

THE MIRROR AND THE LAMP. *By M. H. Abrams. Norton.* $1.85. This is pretty stiff going, but for those who don't tremble at the terms "heterocosm," "rhetorical concept," "polysemism," Mr. Abrams's study of the major literary figures of the Romantic movement is broadly presented and well conceived.

VENTURE TO THE ARCTIC. *Edited by R. A. Hamilton. Pelican.* 95¢. The 1952 British North Greenland expedition was composed of twenty-five scientists, who camped on the island's northeast corner and set to work at research in geophysics, meteorology, and glaciology. Hamilton, the expedition's chief scientist, tells in a quiet, understated manner of their mission and of their achievements.

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From Early Kiev to Khrushchev

"Russia and the Soviet Union: A Modern History," by Warren Bartlett Walsh *(University of Michigan Press. 640 pp. $10), is among the inaugural four volumes in the publisher's projected fifteen-volume history of the modern world. John Shelton Curtiss, professor of Russian history at Duke University, reviews it for us.*

By John Shelton Curtiss

PROFESSOR Walsh has written for the general reader an account of Russia's political and economic development from the prehistorical beginnings to the present. Although he has used an informal style, he has based his study on the work of leading scholars, used with discrimination. The resulting panorama of Russia's rise is fairly orthodox in its interpretation.

The early Kievan state, formed by Scandinavian adventures, enjoyed a brief flowering in the eleventh century, only to fall into civil strife, thus becoming easy prey for the Mongols two centuries later. Eventually the princes of Moscow built up a strong state, which could throw off the Mongol yoke and begin its expansion to greatness. But the Muscovite czars, relying on a service nobility for military power against foreign enemies and the Russian feudal nobles, felt obliged to enserf the peasants to protect the labor supply of their supporters. The resulting oppression of the peasants helped to keep Russia backward, and it remained for the dynamic Peter the Great to build a modern army and a fleet, whereby he made Russia a great power.

Catherine II continued the expansion at the expense of Turkey and Poland. By the nineteenth century, however, serfdom had become a hindrance, and several rulers sought to remove the danger of a great serf rebellion without harming the nobility, who were firm allies of the crown. In 1861 serfdom ended, but without providing a viable existence for the peasants. When revolutionary movements developed, the last three czars sought to protect their autocratic power and their noble supporters. Nicholas II failed. Dr. Walsh holds that his unwise involvement in rash adventures in the Far East, his inability to adjust to the forces released by the industrial revolution, and his subservience to Rasputin played into the hands of revolutionaries like Lenin. When Russia, seeking to assume the role of a great power, entered the First World War, the imperial regime was doomed.

THIS section of the book, although occasionally marred by misspelled Russian names, on the whole gives an effective analysis, with a broad coverage and much interesting detail. The remaining part is less impressive. As the author states in the preface, he is "neither neutral nor indifferent" toward much of the Soviet scene. Hence, in spite of efforts to be fair, he tends to use pure blacks and whites, instead of shading his tones. While he presents evidence on the remarkable material progress of the USSR, Dr. Walsh makes it clear in his discussion of the period after the Second World War that he regards the Soviet system as a thoroughly evil force.

It is, of course, quite difficult to deal with Soviet foreign affairs, especially in recent years. Much of the evidence is not accessible, and there are few sound studies available. The author does not seem to make the best of this trying situation. He treats Soviet relations with each country separately, without showing interrelations and cross-currents. Moreover, he has omitted the important dealings with Turkey and Great Britain during the 1920s. As a result, the book does not supply a coherent, meaningful explanation of Soviet relations with the outside world. In spite of these criticisms, however, it must be said that this is one of the most complete one-volume histories of Russia available. It should be valuable for the general public.

There is an extensive critical bibliography of suggested readings, which is admirably done. The book also has an adequate number of clear and effective maps.

Peter the Great—the window.

Joseph Stalin—the curtain.

DEDICATED REVOLUTIONARY: For Leon Trotsky, the flamboyant Marxist who converted a pen into a potent weapon for revolution, 1935 was a year of deep personal and professional tragedy. Fifty-five years old, weakened by a fever that was slowly eating away at his strength, still driven by an ideological fanaticism totally out of step with the compliant atmosphere of Western Europe in the mid-Thirties, Trotsky was forced by history and the peculiar inflexibility of his personality to live the lonely life of exile in the tiny Alpine village of Demène in southeastern France. There, in an unpretentious cottage, he recorded his reactions to political events throughout Europe. He also recorded the sad story of Stalin's persecution of his family.

That story and a fragmentary "Testament"—written several months before an axe split his skull apart—comprise a compact and compelling journal called **"Trotsky's Diary in Exile—1935"** (Harvard University Press, $4).

As a psychological document, this journal uncovers the restless spirit of one of the most dedicated revolutionaries of the twentieth century. As an historical treatise, it sheds considerable light on the Stalin-Trotsky rivalry.

Recalling a former exile in Alma-Ata, just over the mountains from China in Soviet Central Asia, Trotsky tells about the ostensibly nonpolitical visit of a Soviet engineer who suggested the possibility of a political reconciliation with Stalin. This visitor, Trotsky says, was sent by Stalin himself! Trotsky then adds condescendingly that reconciliation with Stalin was out of the question.

After his exile from Alma-Ata to

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Turkey and subsequently to France, Trotsky completely discounts the possibility of a Stalinist attempt on his life. He says Zinoviev told him that Stalin seriously considered his murder but held back, because, as he put it, "the young people would pin the responsibility on him personally, and would respond with acts of terrorism."

Trotsky's egotism and cockiness pervade this entire diary. Except for some soft emotional passages about his faithful and ailing wife, Natasha, Trotsky writes as though he were involved in a bloody revolution, not a stultifying exile. He attacks the French and Norwegian governments as "tools of the bourgeoisie"—even though these "tools" grant him temporary political asylum. He deplores Macdonald, who, Trotsky says, "is more contemptible than Mussolini." Spaak is a "shoddy little man." Léon Blum is the forerunner of Fascism, and Hitler, he says, is the same as Litvinov.

Trotsky's rantings are like noises in a cavern—hollow, meaningless, archaic. His misreading of history is shocking. He was as blind to political reality in the deracinated loneliness of Demène as he was in the bubbling excitement of Moscow when he was engaged in a power struggle with Stalin. As the world was being more and more prodded by the heavy hand of nationalism, Trotsky called for the establishment of the Fourth International. As his own family was being hounded by Stalin, Trotsky justified the execution of the Czar's family after the revolution.

In his "Testament" Trotsky burns with the same enthusiasm for Communism that propelled him to shout all his life for a world proletarian revolution. No matter how profound the disappointments in his life, Trotsky never seemed to have learned one blessed thing that would have altered his thinking.

As he himself wrote: "If they [the organism-destroying microbes] consume me before the world revolution takes a new big step forward—and it does look that way—I shall still pass into nonexistence with an indestructible confidence in the victory of the cause I have served all my life."

—Marvin L. Kalb.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Fall of the House of Usher." 2. "The Black Cat." 3. "The Cask of Amontillado." 4. "The Pit and the Pendulum." 5. "The Telltale Heart." 6. "Ms. Found in a Bottle." 7. "The Purloined Letter." 8. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." 9. "The Gold Bug." 10. "The Masque of the Red Death."

Of Men

Continued from page 16

was inevitable that he would be sent to Rumania, and just as inevitable that he would move on to Greece and thence to the Middle East. His account of his war years is agreeably devoid of heroics; his operational area was Field Security, and he took his assignment seriously without seeing himself as a Hawkshaw in uniform. In reciting his commercial and military experiences Household is rarely the anecdotist but rather the mildly ironic but always incisive observer. The definitive war historians may find him of little use as a high-echelon primary source, but they will be ill-advised to skip him.

All of "Against the Wind" is good entertainment (the Household hallmark, as has been intimated), but the author's account of himself as author, though it occupies less than a fifth of the text, is the most interesting part of his story. "I have invariably tried to write what I myself would like to read," he tells us. The writing comes hard: "A five-hour day, between morning and evening, will produce anything between seven hundred and a thousand words." He has "a strong preference for throwing a story into the first person. . . . The narrator may be the hero, or he may be an intelligent observer. On the whole I have a liking for the first in a novel, and the second in a short story." Many of his story ideas come "from the casual conversation of other people." How about "influences"? Conrad, he suspects, and, "the moment I write fiction in the first person, Defoe." Unconscious plagiarism: When he was eight years old, Household read a juvenile thriller about lions called "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo." He did not see a copy again until more than forty years later. "Suddenly I was pulled up by a sentence which was nearly word for word in 'Rogue Male,' and I soon found half a dozen fainter echoes." And so on, for all too short a space. Geoffrey Household is a conscientious as well as a competent craftsman, and what he has to say about his work provides an absorbing finale to a humorous, judiciously self-appraising, and altogether fine personal history.

Sheeplike, Low-Spirited America?

"The Waist-High Culture," by Thomas Griffith *(Harper. 275 pp. $4), dovetails a magazine editor's personal recollections with his reflections on American ills. Our reviewer, Nicholas King, is an editorial writer for the* New York Herald Tribune.

By Nicholas King

"WHAT I find most encouraging about American life today is the amount of discontent with it. But the discontent is soured by thinking itself a minority; it lacks confidence and high spirits." Confidence and high spirits are something Thomas Griffith certainly does not lack in his appraisal of the contemporary state of things. Among the hand-wringing critics of American life, his voice sounds robust and affirmative.

The book's title is not an accurate reflection of its contents. In fact, there is comparatively little about culture in it. It is rather a memoir of Mr. Griffith's life and opinions, and should not be regarded as another of those graph-packed dissections of social habits. The story is one of unpretentious success. Mr. Griffith was lodged in a Seattle orphanage by a careless father after the early death of his mother, and calmly survived enough youthful discomfiture to have provided many people with a lifelong alibi. He rose rapidly in the jounalistic profession, and is now foreign news editor of *Time*. As a Westerner he has made an enlightened adjustment to New York, enjoys his work, esteems his colleagues, and inclines to see the best in everyone, foreigner or countryman.

In his criticism of the American scene he voices a general uneasiness. Does our emphasis on equality mean that our products, industrial as well as spiritual, are made only for the broad, gray, sheeplike middle swath of society? He fears so. Why do the big corporations pretend that their goal is primarily public service when money remains the chief object of their ambitions? Why do so many Americans who are engaged in enterprises like publishing or physics feel that they have betrayed their youthful dreams? Why, in business practice, are our motives so blurred? Why are our intellectuals so isolated? Can Americans, free from overwork as no people

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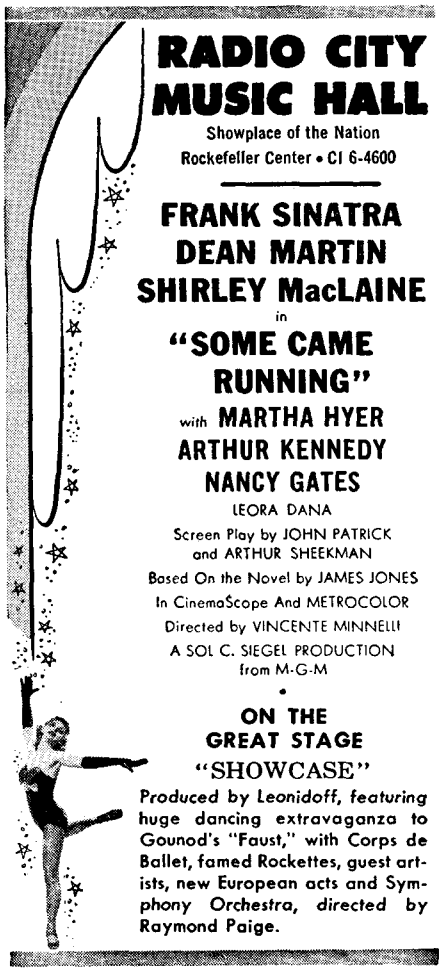
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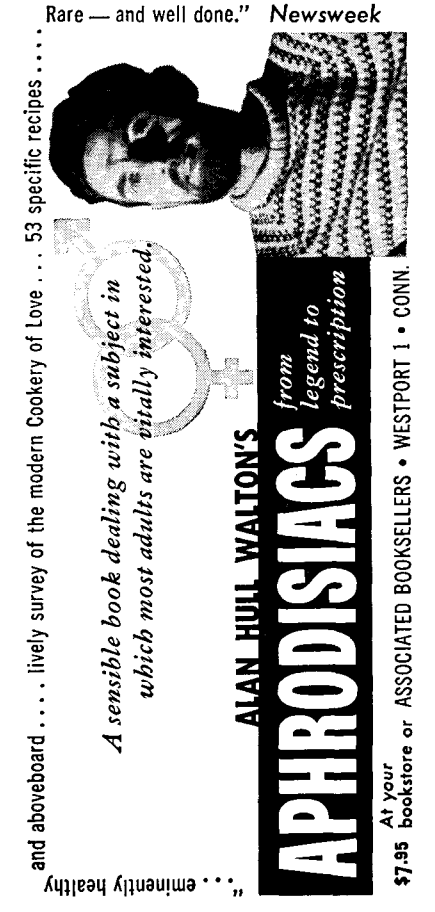
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in history before them, justify their new leisure?

These are familiar questions, and Mr. Griffith discusses them with hopeful sympathy. Our shortcomings as a society—and they are grave ones—must find their remedy, he implies, in the reassertion of the old virtues of integrity and common sense. In the days before the vogue-words of psychology, Americans used to speak of "balance" in a man, and this is what Mr. Griffith is asking for.

This is sensible. But there is no hint from Mr. Griffith as to how we may improve ourselves. He speaks of assuming "superior responsibilities," of the need for "a new American outlook." "A lazy and familiar response," he continues, is not enough for "the slumbering forces now everywhere awake." What precisely does he mean? Indeed, few writers who tilt at the ills of our life really reach for any transcendent or universal principle. It is impossible to discuss the human condition, which is what Mr. Griffith is doing, without some philosophical (or theological or anthropological) reference. One cannot talk seriously of an intellectual elite in terms of Westport, nor of art in terms of "cultural climates." Waist-high to what? This is a failing common to popular social critics, and robs many of their arguments of cogency.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, the chewy style of *Time*, with which Mr. Griffith has been working for some years, his own writing rambles in an avuncular vein. He is a bit given to the platitude, particularly in so far as Europe is concerned, and some of his observations on this subject lack the insight we might expect from his experience. But this does not take away from the book's warm personality nor its obvious honesty.

Heroic Huguenot

***"Swamp Fox: The Life and Campaigns of General Francis Marion," by Robert D. Bass** (275 pp. $4.50), attempts to analyze an elusive personality. How well the author has succeeded is the burden of the following remarks by Bruce Lancaster, author of the narrative for* American Heritage's *"The Revolution: From Lexington to Liberty" and a number of books.*

By Bruce Lancaster

IN 1957 Dr. Robert Bass gave us "The Green Dragoon," a swirling, racing, vivid study of Banastre Tarleton, the cruelly brilliant British cavalry officer of the American Revolution. Now he has come out with "Swamp Fox," a biography of General Francis Marion, the most troublesome of Tarleton's South Carolina opponents. So far as I am aware, this is the first treatment in more than a century of that most enigmatic "little smoke-dried Huguenot," to use Dr. Bass's phrase, who played so vital a part in the American reconquest of the Carolinas. Certainly it is the only instance where a trained, skilled scholar and writer has attempted to bring Francis Marion out of the murky shades of the cypress swamps of legend into the clear sunshine of critical analysis.

In all fairness it must be said that Dr. Bass's book simply does not come off, except to the extent of giving us a modern volume concerning this elusive little leader. The major part of the fault lies not so much with the author as with the paucity of material

Criminal Record

THE GIRL WHO CRIED WOLF. *By Hilary Waugh. Crime Club.* $2.95. Rich New York miss falls hard for Phil Macadam, presentable peeper, and engineers tryst by inventing "case" for him, but honest-to-badness kidnapper breaks through, and hell pops over wide area, including suburbs and Connecticut. A-1 chase job.

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MURDER, MAYHEM, AND MYSTERY. *By Alan Hynd. Barnes.* $7.50. Thirty-three factual cases (mainly homicidal), all of which appeared in *True* magazine, make up this bulky bag of bafflers; good geographical distribution in USA (plus Canadian and Caribbean entries); several excellent but half-forgotten old-timers are resurrected (*e.g.*, Connecticut's Amy Archer Gilligan show of 1914). Treatment jazzy, but examples are well chosen. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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—Jacket illustration for "Swamp Fox."

General Francis Marion—evaded portraiture as he did the British and Tories.

available to him. The ever-taciturn Marion left no memoir of his own. His second-in-command, Colonel Peter Horry, wrote a loose, rambling account of his chief, seemingly based on memory, which was seized upon by Parson Weems and subjected to that gentleman's customary cane-syrup treatment. Judge William James, an authentic "Marion's man" set down his own recollections with such a complete disregard for dates, place-names, and continuity that any attempt to develop a coherent picture from them becomes a fine exercise in frustration. Marion's own sparse military correspondence with either friend or foe seems to me to shed very little light, biographically.

Further glimpses of the Swamp Fox must be laboriously dug out of referential passages in Nathanael Greene's letters, in the memoirs of "Light-horse Harry" Lee, in the writings of other contemporaries—a line here, a paragraph there. Other material may be found in the pages of South Carolina historians such as Edward McCrady and William Gilmore Simms. But none of this adds up to enough for a full-length study.

A GREAT many raids, ambushes, retreats, and sorties are shown by Dr. Bass in detail, but it is hard to tie them into the over-all picture and often to Marion's own picture. Marion's tremendous contribution of forcing his irregulars to cooperate with Greene's Continentals and militia seems to me to be lost in a haze of minutiae. Yet this interplay of action, which often took place simultaneously in areas so widely separated as to appear unrelated, may be called a decisive factor in the Carolina war. Without Greene, Marion could not have existed. Without Marion, Greene could hardly have survived. That Marion was willing so to work with Greene, to subordinate himself to him, is a highly significant facet of the wizened little Huguenot's character. Few partisans in any theatre of that war were willing or able to submerge themselves for the greater good of their country.

Dr. Bass's "Green Dragoon" was so meticulous in detail that it is surprising to find small but jarring factual errors in this book. He keeps insisting that the 3rd Kents were the 3rd *Guards* Regiment, whereas no such organization as the latter existed. The Rud*u*lph brothers of Lee's Legion appear consistently as the Rudolphs, a quirk which may distress modern members of that family, who cling fiercely to the former spelling. Sundry details of uniform, equipment, etc. are demonstrably wrong.

Again, Dr. Bass appears to have steeped himself so thoroughly in his source material that its very flavor seeps through onto modern pages of exposition and narrative. We find "Wemyss, demon though he was," "Well might Cornwallis tremble . . . Retribution was imminent," and "On rode the valiant band." And there is no trouble in separating the villains from the heroes. Tory partisans are murderers, outlaws, assassins, brutal pillagers. Some of them were. So were some of the Whigs. This was a vicious, pitiless war, which, so far as local forces were concerned, had its roots in pre-Revolutionary turmoil, a point Dr. Bass could well have stressed.

So what we end up with is little more than a structure built out of Peter Horry and Judge James, plus a good deal of unverified legend set forth without comment. This is rectified to a certain extent by the use of military correspondence and a careful study of bygone historians. Yet I doubt very much that a better biography of Marion can be written unless more source material is turned up. Dr. Bass has done the best he could with what he had.

So Francis Marion remains elusive as ever. And perhaps that very elusiveness is his best portrait. He is always slipping away into some moss-hung swamp, evaporating just out of reach, erupting where least expected on the printed page, much as he did along the Pee Dee or the waters of the Congaree, evading researcher and reader as he evaded the British and the Tories of those Carolina days.

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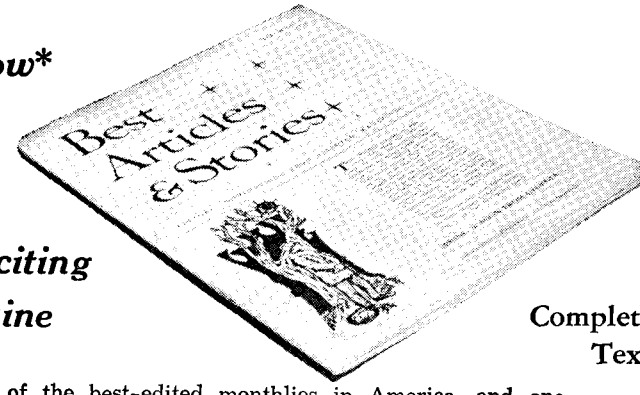

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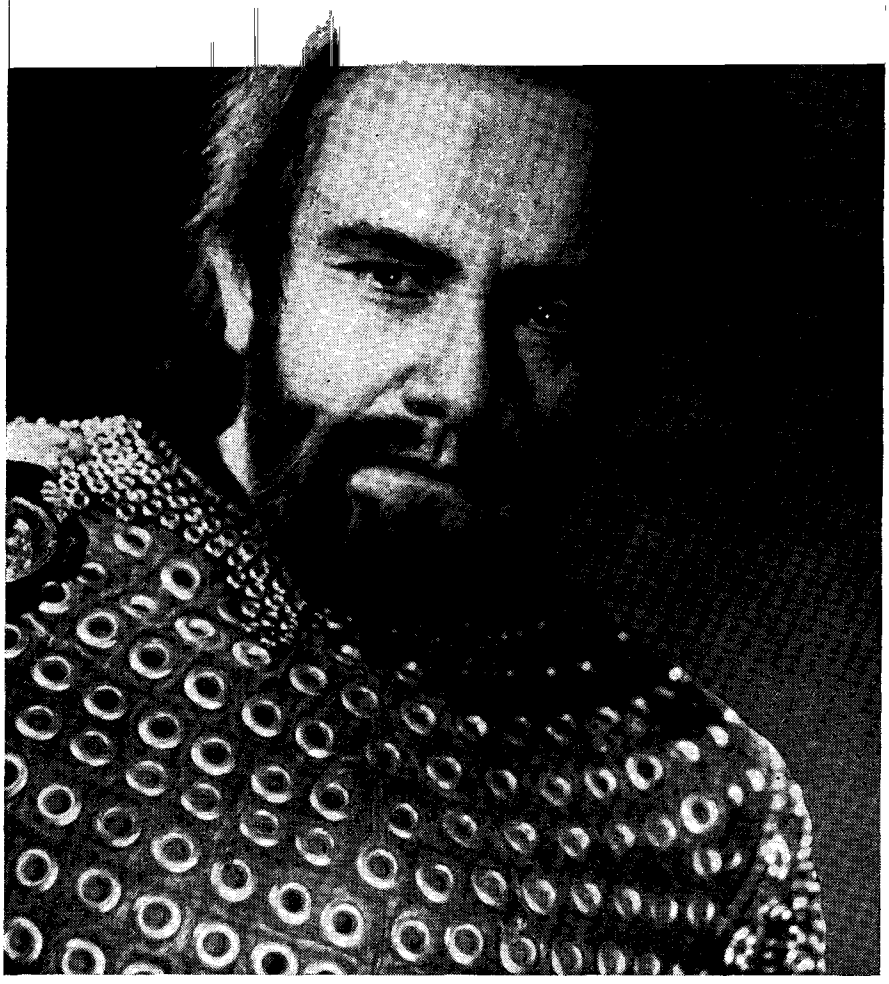

Leonard Warren as Macbeth in the Metropolitan's new production of the Verdi score.

SR/RECORDINGS
JANUARY 31, 1959

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VERDI'S TWICE-TOLD "MACBETH"

By WILLIAM WEAVER

"I AM writing to Cammarano about various things concerning 'Macbeth'; please attend the rehearsals yourself, and don't mind if you have to call an extra one. This opera is a little more difficult than my others, and its *mise en scène* is important. I'll confess to you that I think more of this opera than of my others . . ."

Verdi wrote this letter in November, 1848, to Vincenzo Flauto, the impresario of the San Carlo in Naples, where "Macbeth" was to be presented during the winter season. Salvatore Cammarano—future librettist of "Il Trovatore"—had designed the sets and costumes, and was assisting with the stage direction of the work.

Flauto was not terribly reliable, as Verdi knew, but the composer was not exaggerating when he confessed a special attachment to this latest opera. The preceding March he had written to his beloved father-in-law, Antonio Barezzi:

"For a long time it has been in my thoughts to dedicate an opera to you, my father and benefactor and friend . . . Now, here is this "Macbeth," which I love more than my other operas and which, therefore, I believe to be more worthy of being presented to you. My heart offers it; may yours accept it, and may it bear witness to the eternal memory and gratitude and affection of your

G. Verdi"

Anyone familiar with the story of Verdi's life knows the supreme importance in it of Barezzi, who took the gifted peasant boy and made him into a composer. And if Verdi, always conscious of his great obligation to Barezzi, considered "Macbeth" a worthy tribute, then it is clear that the opera had a particular meaning for him. A consideration of these facts is of special interest at this moment before its long-awaited first performance at the Metropolitan.

Why was "Macbeth" so dear to him? It was not a great success at its first performance, and it never became one in Verdi's lifetime, though it was at one time or another performed all over Italy.

To understand the significance of "Macbeth," we must examine its predecessors: "Oberto" was important simply because it was the first, but its composer was not attached to it otherwise; of the disastrous "Un Giorno di Regno," the less said the better; after that came Verdi's real triumph with "Nabucco," followed by the great patriotic successes "I Lombardi" and "Ernani." With these operas Verdi consolidated his national and international fame and became the most sought after composer of Italy, where he accepted too many commissions and wrote a series of potboilers: "I due Foscari," "Giovanna d'Arco," "Alzira" ("Really ugly," Verdi said of this in later years); and "Attila."

Though these operas met with some success and contained many pages of

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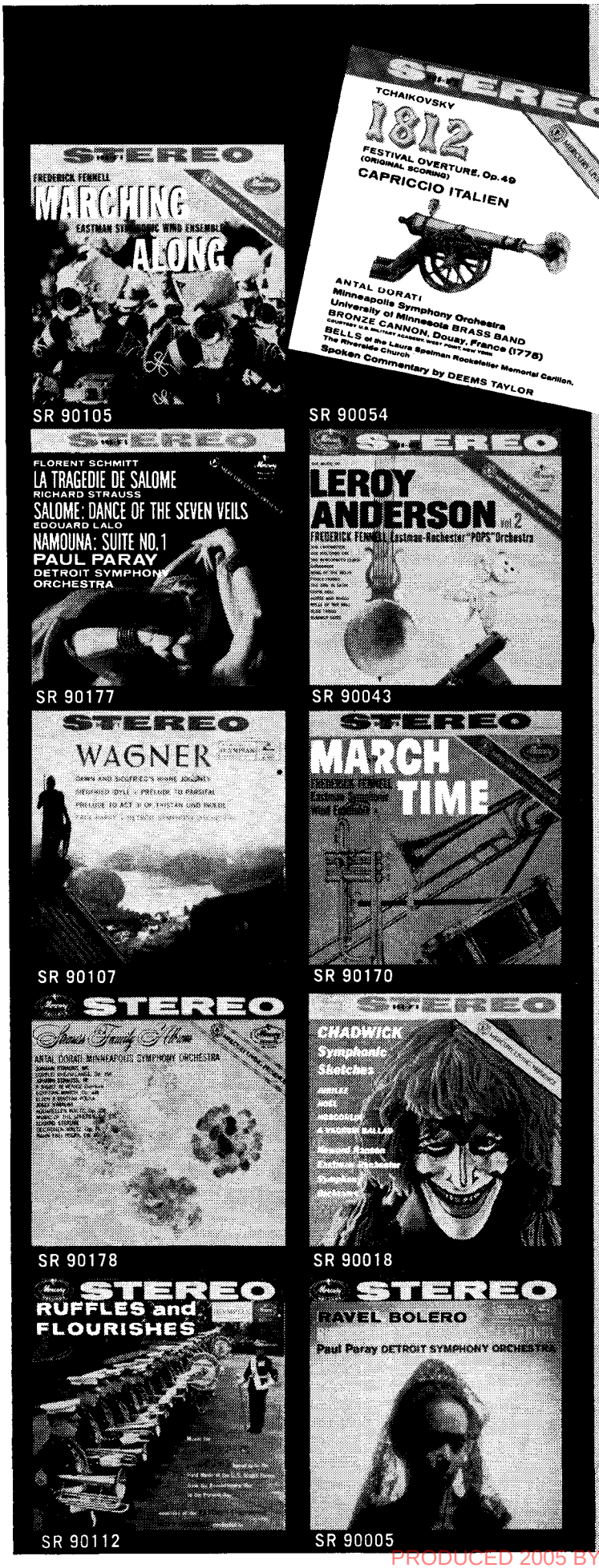

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fine music, they offered little artistic satisfaction to the composer, who from the very beginning, aimed at constant improvement and extending the scope of his art. Then came "Macbeth." For the first time, Verdi was dealing with characters created by his favorite poet Shakespeare (even if these characters were then seen through the cloudy glass of Piave's libretto). Here it wasn't a question of the standard sweet soprano heroine, the bold tenor hero, and the wicked baritone. It was an opera without a hero, whose heroine was steeped in blood; for the first time Verdi could use his notes to depict the chiaroscuro of human souls. It was a new, giant step in his career, and he was fully conscious of its importance. He worked on it with unusual care, and for the first production (Florence, Teatro La Pergola, March 14, 1847), he insisted on over a hundred rehearsals, according to the embittered memoirs of his leading lady.

A critic-friend of Verdi's present at the first performance wrote: "It was received with benevolence, due more to the presence of the composer than to the music, which was only half-liked."

VERDI was convinced that with a really good production the opera could be appreciated. In any case, he was determined to prevent *bad* productions. ". . . I must not and cannot permit the performance of this 'Macbeth' at La Scala," he wrote to his publishers, before he had even completed the score, ". . . at least, not until things take a turn for the better."

Evidently, he had more faith in the Teatro San Carlo, but as the time to prepare the opera approached, Verdi began to worry, and he wrote a long letter to Cammarano, full of advice and recommendations:

". . . I know you are rehearsing 'Macbeth,' and since this is an opera in which I take more interest than my others, permit me to say a few words to you about it. The part of Lady Macbeth has been given to la Tadolini, and I am surprised that she has consented to sing it. You know how highly I esteem her, and she knows it, too; but in our common interest, I feel it necessary to make a few observations. The Tadolini has too many fine qualities for that role! . . . This may seem absurd to you!! . . . Tadolini has a handsome, kindly appearance, and I would like Lady Macbeth to be ugly and wicked. Tadolini sings perfectly; and I would like *Lady* not to sing. Tadolini has a stupendous voice, clear, limpid, powerful; I would like Lady's voice to be harsh, choked, dark. . . . Warn everyone that the main pieces in the Opera are two: the duet between *Lady and her husband* and the sleep-walking scene: if these scenes are spoiled, the opera is lost. And these pieces must absolutely not be sung: they must be acted and declaimed, with a covered, dark voice. . . .

"The stage should be extremely dark.—In the Third Act the apparitions of the kings (I saw this in London) should be made behind a hole in the set, with a fine, grey scrim over it . . . The music, which is below the stage, for the large San Carlo, must be enlarged, but mind there are no

Paris, 1865—"a Greek warrior."

trumpets or trombones. The sound should seem distant and muffled, and hence must be created by bass clarinets, bassoons, counterbassoons and nothing else . . ."

In the decade that followed the first performance of "Macbeth," Verdi reached the apex of his career; these were the years of "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata"; his first opera composed for Paris, "I Vespri Siciliani"; and "Un Ballo in Maschera," which many critics regard as the culmination of this period in his art.

But during this period, Verdi had not forgotten his Shakespearean attempt, and in October, 1864, when his French agent suggested he compose a ballet so that the opera could be revived in Paris (where ballets were obligatory in every opera—as Wagner learned to his disaster), Verdi took another look at the score:

"Reading this music again, I was struck, alas, by things that I should have preferred not to find there. To be brief: there are various numbers that are either weak or lacking in character, which is worse. The opera would need: (1) An aria for Lady Macbeth, in Act II; (2) Various passages done over in the Vision, Act III; (3) Completely redo Macbeth's aria; (4) Retouch the first scenes of Act IV; (5) Create a new finale, removing the death of Macbeth . . ."

Carvalho, director of the Théâtre-Lyrique, was delighted when this letter was reported to him. Instead of a new *ballabile,* he was going to get practically a new opera. And in fact, as Verdi got down to work, he made even more changes than he had originally suggested. "Except for a part of the first chorus and the dance of the sylphs when Macbeth has fainted, the rest of this third act is all new . . ." By February of 1865, Verdi had sent the new version to his publisher, Ricordi.

ON APRIL 21 1865, the new version was presented to the Parisian public. Again, it was not a success. As usual, Verdi accepted the fate of his music with equanimity. But the French critics managed, all the same, to sting him into fury, when they accused him of not having understood the poet's intentions:

"They're utterly wrong. Maybe I didn't render *Macbet* (Verdi's spelling both of the hero's name and the poet's was erratic), but to say that I don't know, don't understand, and don't feel Shacpeare, no, by God, no! He is my favorite poet, whom I have had in my hands since my earliest youth,

"Neoclassic hair-do."

and whom I read and reread constantly . . ."

For the Paris edition, too, Verdi had written long letters concerning the details of production. "Stage manager and Régisseur will have fun with this act," he wrote his publisher Escudier about Act III, ". . . the Apparition of Hecate . . . Needless for me to tell you that Hecate should not dance, but simply assume some poses . . . If the

(*Continued on page* 55)

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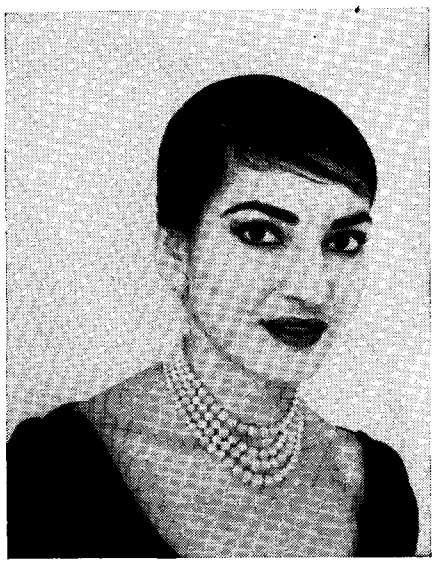
GREAT ARTISTS OF OUR TIME

1. Maria Meneghini Callas



Callas as Callas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Much print and space are devoted to investigating the proposition: Are artists people? with details of what makes them like everybody else. This series, of indefinite duration and unpredictable frequency, is dedicated to the proposition that people are artists, and to isolating those elements of accomplishment which make the "Great Artists of Our Time" not only unlike other people, but also unlike other artists. Teodoro Celli is music editor of the Milan weekly* Oggi *("Today"). His evaluation has not previously appeared in English.* —I.K.

By TEODORO CELLI

IN ALL the endless discussion about Maria Meneghini Callas, the question that has been evaded, to which no useful answer has been forthcoming, is this: how does she sing? With reference to a singer, certainly, that should be the principal—perhaps the only—point of discussion. Dealing, furthermore, with a singer who has won all but unequaled fame, whose name on theatre placards in any city guarantees sold-out houses, we ought, before looking elsewhere, to seek in her singing the reasons for so extraordinary a career.

Maria Callas's singing has almost nothing in common with that of many other artists we admire. Her voice has all the characteristics of a "vocal instrument" of earlier times. She sings as, in all probability, they sang a century ago; at least, she most closely approximates that way of singing. And that makes immediate judgment of her more difficult. Untrained listeners hearing a Domenico Scarlatti sonata played on a harpsichord often find the sound too weak, the interpretation lacking the color obtained so easily from a piano. And yet, Scarlatti's sonatas were composed for the harpsichord; to play them on a piano is an arbitrary anachronism to which only long-standing concert habits have inured us. Analagously, the soprano roles in some of Rossini's operas, in the operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and the early Verdi were composed for vocal instruments, now rare, to which Callas's singing comes very close. But we have long been habituated to hearing those roles sung by artists with the very different voices for which Puccini, Mascagni, and Giordano composed their operas.

For more than half a century, soprano voices have been divided into three categories: "light," "lyric," and "dramatic." Light sopranos have the least volume, comparatively weak lower registers, and increasing brilliance as they rise higher. They can soar to high E natural, even to F natural (as, for example, in the aria "Der Hölle Rache" in "Die Zauberflöte"). Voices of extraordinary agility, they are trained to perform virtuoso passages. Lyric sopranos produce tones of greater solidity and, above all, vocal colorings apt for tender, moving inflections even in the low and middle registers. They climb less far into the high register, seldom rising above the C natural *in alt*; their agility is relative. Finally, dramatic sopranos are powerful voices, equally penetrating throughout their range, voluminous voices not notably adapted to passages requiring agility. They usually do not go above the C natural *in alt*. These categories should not be thought of as completely separate compartments. Soprano voices often fit into more than one category: there are "light lyric" sopranos and "lyric dramatic" ones—or, as vocal teachers call them, "lyric spintos."

MARIA CALLAS'S voice does not belong to any of these categories, a fact that explains why it has spread perplexity and even dismay among many listeners. To discover its prototype, we must rove back some distance into the history of singing and of the "melo-drama," back to the years around 1830, when Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti were alive and the young Verdi had not launched his immense career.

Until modern times, the art of singing was practiced at its best by special virtuosos, the *castrati*, both sopranos and contraltos, many of whom later became great singing teachers. They were masters of the *stile fiorito*, the flowery style that dominated the eighteenth century, a style in which melodic lines were ornamented with embellishments—roulades, arpeggios, fragments of scales, mordents, single and double appoggiaturas, chromatic runs, trills—all of which light sopranos perform even today, though only in one (the "coloratura") incarnation. Precisely because of those embellishments, the style based on them was called *bel canto*. It remains one of the glories of Italian art because of the masterworks that it elicited from so many composers.

WHEN, therefore, the phrase *bel canto* is used with reference to voices untrained in the flowery style, it is used improperly (what is meant in such instances is *bella voce* or *bel cantare*). During the era of the *castrati*, the mastery of ornaments was considered the summit of singing. A famous theorist, Pier Francesco Tosi, in a celebrated treatise (1723) peremptorily affirmed that whoever has not mastered the trill "will never be a great singer even though he knows a great deal." In Tosi's view, a voice like that of Beniamino Gigli, who seldom sang ornaments and never excelled in trills, would not have been that of a great singer. Of course, Gigli was nonetheless a great singer, but one wholly alien to *bel canto*, a singer equipped magnificently to perform in the operas of Puccini, Mascagni, Giordano, or the later Verdi, operas in which few—or no—passages of *agilità* occur.

The greatest pupils of the masters of *bel canto* included women with contralto voices. As long as the soprano *castrati* excelled, female sopranos did not stand out except in rare instances.

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Rossini, in fact, selected contraltos as the female protagonists in many of his operas. Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" is a contralto, though the role is more often performed in a transcription for "coloratura" soprano; but we can now also hear performances and recordings in which the role is sung in the original key. Isabella in "L'Italiana in Algeri" and Angelina in "La Cenerentola" are contraltos. The contralto timbre, so boyish or adolescent in color, fits well into the fantastic Rossinian world, always a little carried away into bravura skies, always disguised by veils of irony, but it only partially embodies in sound the pure, impassioned spirit of woman, being little characterized psychologically.

BECAUSE of the gradual disappearance of the *castrato,* and the pressure of romantic feeling (which, penetrating all the arts, made psychological differentiation of character essential even in the lyric drama), the musical theater made a place for female protagonists more clearly characterized as women. This occurred first in Rossini's operas of pathetic cast, then in the operas of Bellini and Donizetti. A truly female singer with a higher vocal reach was inevitably demanded. And something extraordinary happened, something that remains an astounding and significant event in the history of singing; *some women with contralto voices succeeded in extending their range upward, in becoming sopranos as well.* They lost little or nothing of the deeper register when they enriched their high tones and added very high tones.

The most extraordinary case was that of Maria Malibran, whose name has become mythical for that very reason. She came to have a range, according to the testimony of her contemporaries, from the G below the staff up to the E natural *in alt.* Giuditta Pasta, who became very famous at the same time, had an almost identical extension. Such a tremendous range could not, of course, be homogeneous in color throughout. In fact, to judge by what their contemporaries testified, the voices of those singers and of many others who emulated their prowess were not homogeneous in color throughout. Not all of their tones partook of a single timbre. In recompense, they had the most amazing capacity for *canto fiorito* and showed themselves apt for pathetic inflections, dramatic accentuations, moving qualities of tone. Their voices filled passages of *agilità* with all the melancholy color, compact of intimate emotion, with which their original condition as contraltos had provided them.

At first their contemporaries referred to these singers as *soprani sfogati*—unlimited, that is, unreserved, and airy. When Verdi adopted this type of voice in his first operas with even more impassioned results as symbolizing protagonists pervaded by the most inflamed emotions, they came to be known as "dramatic sopranos *d'agilità.*" They possessed an enormously extended range; great virtuosity, inherited from the masters of *bel canto;* and notable volume, though not as large as that of modern dramatic sopranos—for otherwise they could not have preserved their agility. They completed the tally of their virtues with the ability to sing *mezza-voce*—in half-voice—a virtue possessed by many modern singers, but which the older singers knew how to employ even in passages of extreme *agilità.* And agility in *mezza-voce* is technically the most difficult test that can be applied to a singer of whatever epoch.

The voice of Maria Callas is that of a dramatic soprano *d'agilità:* It has all the characteristics of extension, virtuosity, and simultaneous emotion. It even has the characteristic that seems a defect to some ears accustomed to modern singers: lack of homogeneity of timbre. By what studies Callas has been able to construct so exceptional a vocal instrument we are not in a position to say; we can only study the results. Her vocal range, as we have had many opportunities to verify, rises from the deep A below the staff (which she sang at La Scala, in "Un Ballo in Maschera") to the E flat *in alt* (in "Lucia di Lammermoor"), and even to the E natural *in alt* (in Rossini's "Armida"). She has, that is, about the extension that Malibran had.

Perhaps Callas's voice was originally that of a contralto or a mezzo-soprano. Her studies with Elvira de Hidalgo, a great light soprano, an inheritor of the secrets of the *canto fiorito,* little by little have led Callas—unconsciously, in all probability—to achieve the vocal command of precisely those early nineteenth-century singers who joined the soprano voice to the contralto, impassioned accent to agility. Certainly, her vocal instrument is best adapted to singing operas that were composed specifically for *soprani sfogati* or for dramatic sopranos *d'agilità.* The more modern types of light, lyric, and dramatic sopranos, on the other hand, can give no more than an adaptation when they sing those parts—at times, needless to say, a very beautiful adapta-

Callas as Norma—"the collapse of an unhappy soul."

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tion. Their voices, as we shall see, came to Italian opera much later, and are of French origin.

In a vocal world like that of present-day opera—a world in which high female voices are pigeonholed as "light," "lyric," and "dramatic" and their sub-species—Maria Callas's voice, that of a dramatic soprano *d'agilità*, appeared like a star wandering into a planetary system not its own. It stunned and aroused enthusiasm; it also irritated and confused. It seemed to be displayed in arbitrary and arguable ways; it was an anachronistic instrument, a song from another century. That it still arouses emotion cannot be denied—properly, in virtue of Callas's skills, which correspond to those of the very singers for whom the early romantic operas were composed.

The battles could have been foreseen as inevitable. Nevertheless, if we except isolated episodes that unfortunately will have limited resonance, the "Callas case" has not been clarified in spite of the furious discussions that it has aroused. On the contrary, it is even now becoming more embroiled. Basing their contentions on the modern definitions of the varieties of soprano, Callas's adversaries will call it illegitimate for a single singer to interpret, for example, the role of Amina in "La Sonnambula" ("light soprano") and that of Norma ("dramatic soprano"). But, in fact, these classifications were and are inexact. Norma was not composed as a dramatic soprano role and Amina was not a light or "coloratura" soprano: neither category existed in 1831, when Bellini wrote his two masterpieces. It is true that during the second half of the nineteenth century, and then in our own, these new categories were stabilized under the influence of French opera—and that the part of Amina came to be "assumed" by light or light-lyric sopranos, that of Norma by dramatic sopranos. But in 1831 that distinction did not exist in the musical theatre, and Bellini himself had no intention of suggesting it. Amina and Norma were composed for a single singer, Guiditta Pasta, their first interpreter.

Having mentioned the inequality of coloring in voices of the widest range, I consider it worth the trouble to consider more closely the vocal characteristics of those great singers of the last century whose feats Callas now repeats. Lacking the ideal testimony of recordings, we must refer to the judgment of their trustworthy contemporaries. I extract some judgments of that sort from one of the magisterial articles that Eugenio Gara, a renowned expert in this field, has devoted to the greatest champions of nineteenth-century singing. Giuditta Pasta, according to Paolo Scudo, had a "muffled, veiled mezzo-soprano voice onto which the soprano notes were artificially grafted." Let us also listen to Stendhal's opinion of Pasta. According to him, she had "the superior art of extracting a large number of pleasing and piquant effects from the union of the two voices." As for Malibran, also one of the first interpreters of both Amina and Norma, we can simply listen to the opinion of Verdi, who heard her at La Scala in 1834: "Very great, but not always the same. Sometimes sublime and at times strange. Her singing style was not of the purest; the voice was strident at the very top. In spite of everything, a very great, a marvelous, artist."

WE must recognize that two different methods of criticizing singing exist, two approaches corresponding to two ways of understanding opera. Plainly, two types of listeners exist. One type loves what are called "beautiful voices" because of what they have that is grateful to the ears, the "physical" pleasure they excite. That sort of listener believes that the first necessary quality of a "pleasant" voice is equalization of color throughout. Those who love voices that supply them with "physical" pleasure never can accept "strident" very high notes or muffled or veiled notes. On the other hand, they always welcome with enthusiasm a high note projected with great force and loudness: for them, a ringing high note is in itself an emotional event. And they are little disposed to consider whether or not that powerful high note accords with the composer's intentions at that moment in the melody and in the musical drama.

Callas as Lady Macbeth.

THE other type of listener does not go to an opera house to hear beautiful voices or to experience emotions like those we have been describing, which seem to him to belong more to a sort of vocalistic sport than to art. He does not even go to the opera to hear a tenor, a soprano, or a baritone, but to experience a drama and encounter characters—personages "constructed out of their sounds" if we pay close attention (we are dealing with music and opera)—precise individuals who cannot be different from what the composer's clearly indicated intentions have made them.

For this sort of listener, that is, approaching opera in this way (considering it as what it was intended to be, "drama realized through music"), melodies do not matter except insofar as they serve to set forth a character's state of mind or spirit. For this type of spectator, a voice is beautiful when it is completely expressive, it being taken for granted that the singer possesses the indispensable requisites of musical exactness: perfect intonation and unexceptionable rhythmic sense. The expressiveness may be attained by means of every vocal usage in tune with the composer's intentions. Inequality of coloring, if used opportunely, can be very effective, as Stendhal's words prove. Even a strident tone (if it be intoned exactly) can serve well to portray a particular state of mind, of brutality, of perversion.

In reality, the great operatic composers were great precisely because they aimed at realizing drama through music, and not only at composing good music. And naturally they wanted interpreters who did not merely sing, but sang to evoke character. Exactly because interpreters of that variety were and are scarce, opera as an artistic form has undergone a slow, continuous decay. Besides, listening to soprano voices as such is constantly less interesting—many more emotional sports are at hand. But it was of interest, and is of interest, and always moves us, to hear Violetta or Leonora, Norma or Amina.

And yet Vincenzo Bellini, because of the many "adaptations" that the roles in his operas have undergone at the hands of singers gifted with

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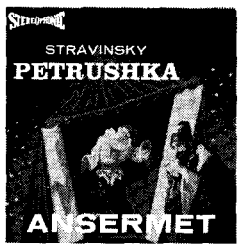

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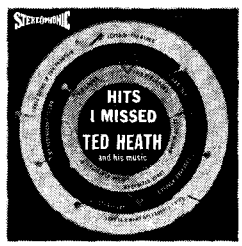

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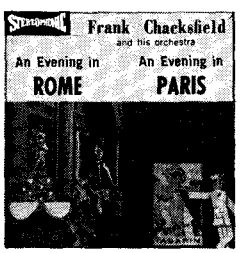

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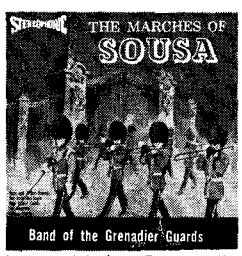

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means too different from those of his early interpreters, is considered, yes, a sublime creator of melodies, but a dramatist of little force. How, then, were they born, those melodies which seem to have been created whole under the impulse of a single irresistible inspiration? We can guess the answer as we read this in a letter of Bellini's: "I carefully study the characters of the personages, their dominating passions, and their feelings. Then, invaded by the feelings

Callas as Amina in "Sonnambula"

of each one of them, I imagine that I myself have become whichever of them is speaking. And then, shut up in my room, I begin to declaim the lines of that personage in the drama with all the heat of passion, and while I am doing that I observe the inflections of my own voice, the haste or languor of the pronunciation in each circumstance, in short, the accent and tone of expression that nature gives man in the grip of his passions. And I find the musical motives and tempos adapted to demonstrating it."

Does not that letter seem to prescribe implicitly the attitudes that a Bellinian singer should adopt? She should know how to vary the inflections of her voice, should attain that haste or languor of pronunciation, should seek out those appropriate accents and tones of expression for every phrase of the melody. Then she will hear the melody—only apparently continuous and ecstatic—separated, so to speak, into many different accents and colorings, at times even contrasting ones, but then all together, rejoined to form an effective dramatic summary.

The vocal characteristics of the dramatic sopranos *d'agilità* were placed at a disadvantage by the new roles created by French opera and then imitated by Italian musicians. In "Les Huguenots" (1836), Giacomo Meyerbeer consciously divided and separated the characteristics of the Italian dramatic sopranos *d'agilità*. He gave one female character (Marguerite de Valois) all the bravura passages, another (Valentine) all the dramatic accentuations and not a single bravura passage. Thus were born, respectively, the light "coloratura" soprano and the dramatic soprano as we understand them now.

THE light soprano was an instrument able to create continuous arabesques of sound devoid of true or intimate relationship with particular states of spirit, and was therefore practically incapable of true dramatic expressiveness. The dramatic soprano, with her big vocal volume, the robustness of her accents—but completely lacking the pure, virginal passion of vocalization—projected animated characters with more earthly feelings, and therefore lent herself admirably to wide use when romanticism merged into naturalism as the century progressed. On one side was the plaything voice; on the other a voice no longer that of the romantic heroine, but of a woman, a protagonist in events worthy of the drama.

The changeover, be it remembered, was gradual. But at a certain moment the operatic theater discovered that it no longer disposed of female voices that could sing, for example (as is required of the "Trovatore" Leonora), the aria *"D'amor sull'ali rosee"* with all the ethereal levitation of the *canto fiorito* (including those marvelous trills which symbolize all the heroine's anxiety and sorrowful longing), and then, suddenly, the phrase *"Quel suon, quelle preci—solenni funeste"* of the Miserere, where the dramatic accent is essential. It could not even depend upon voices that could preserve in the Amina of "La Sonnambula" all the passionate accents without which that role becomes a mere pretext for an exhibition of warbling.

So the Rossinian, Bellinian, and Donizettian roles, and those in Verdi's first operas, in which pasages *d'agilità* abounded, were assumed by light sopranos while dramatic sopranos assumed those in which impassioned accents were most frequent. The dramatic sopranos sang Norma, the "Trovatore" Leonora, Abigaille in "Nabucco"; the light sopranos sang Amina and Lucia di Lammermoor. Meanwhile, creating Marguerite in his "Faust" (1859), Charles Gounod proposed the type of soprano called "lyric." She was apt for tender, affectionate inflections, and from her were to be derived the vocal natures of Massenet's heroines and of some of Puccini's, such as Mimi in "La Bohème." The vocal universe of early romanticism was buried, overpowered by the new roles, and as a result those operas, lacking completely effective interpretations (this discussion could be extended to include the other roles, the tenor, the bass, etc.), came to seem dramatically ingenuous and outdated.

Maria Callas has brought back to romantic opera its true heroines. For that reason, certainly, her interpretations remain memorable. And this is her authentic glory, which cannot be denied her, and which is attested to by many recordings. What remains to be analyzed is the particular means that she has employed for this purpose. What also remains to be considered is the way she has adapted her vocal instrument, which now seems to have been defined clearly, to expressive ends.

WITH great acuity, Fausto Torrefranca, an illustrious musicologist, has called "symphonic" the melody of our romantic opera, and in particular the melody of Bellini. "Symphonism," he has written, "means unity, by contrast or consent, of multiple expressive elements. For that reason, even a simple melody can be symphonic, which Bellini's divine melodies are." And that is the way they turn out—as do Donizettian or early Verdian melodies—when Callas sings them with all the variety of color she can offer, brilliantly adapted to a coherent dramatic realization of the protagonist's character. "This woman sings like an orchestra," one member of the Scala audience exclaimed after the closing scene of *Anna Bolena*.

But the melodies of Puccini's or Giordano's operas are not "symphonic": they demand a single vocal color, however much modulated in intensity. Their substantially "realistic" protagonists do not submit to being represented by an "unreal" voice like that of Callas. Too, their roles expose her voice to purely physiological dangers: the singing of veristic opera, often strongly hammered out, enunciated powerfully even across fiercely intoned intervals, puts the vocal chords of a dramatic soprano *d'agilità* in peril of weakness resulting from muscular damage. When Callas sings phrases like *"quel grido e quella morte . . ."* in "Turandot" and *"Io quella lama gli piantai nel cor . . ."* in "Tosca," she places in unnecessary peril all the precious vocal organism she has created through years of the hardest study.

Callas's musicality is based on the internal resonance of the "accent,"

(*Continued on page* 60)

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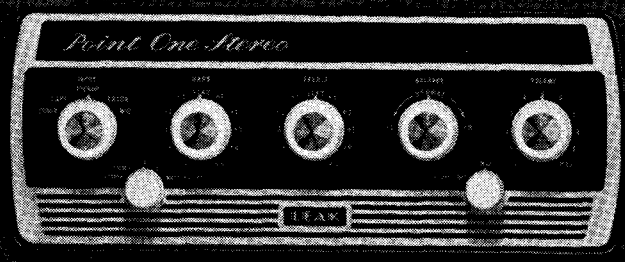

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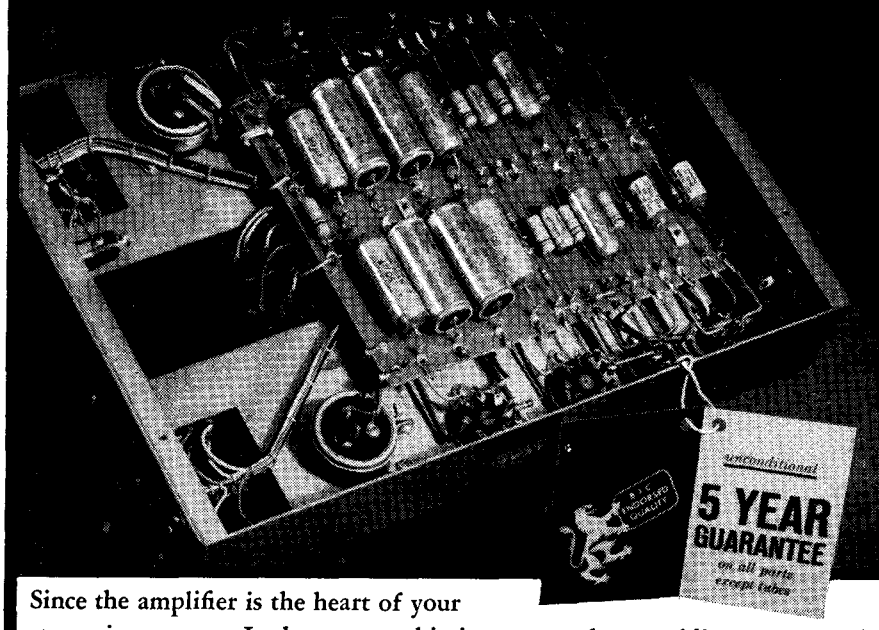

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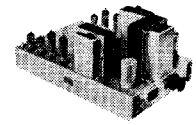

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Recordings in Review

Riches from Rochester

MOZART: *Serenade in B flat, No. 10 (K. 361). Frederick Fennell conducting the Eastman Wind Ensemble.* Mercury MG 50176, $3.98.

PROPORTIONATE TO its size, Rochester has probably produced more records than any other city in America, in activities spanning several decades and a variety of companies. If any previous one has excelled this one in artistic value, technical finesse, and justice of reproduction, it doesn't come to mind readily. Considering the identity of Fennell with brass and marching band music, the kind of sensitivity to detail and concern for finesse he demonstrates are as unexpected as they are welcome.

However, as Fennell explains in his admirable program notes, it was this very work that compelled him to the formation of the Eastman Wind Ensemble, and his high affection for it is evident in every measure of the sound so beautifully spun out by Daniel Stolper and Bernard Rubinstein, oboes; Robert Gauldin and Elsa Ludwig, clarinets; Rolf Legband and Eugene Zoro, bassett-horns; Alan Brown and Richard Campbell, bassoons; Glenn Williams, contra-bassoon; James Bodolato, contrabass clarinet; Marie Mann, contrabass; and Aubrey Bouck, Stephen Seiffert, Esther Sweigart, and Kenneth Schultz, horns.

As the listing indicates, Fennell has gone to the trouble of providing his ensemble with bassett horns, though they are hardly in wide use at the present time. Also, he has allocated the music marked merely "Contrabasso" in Mozart's score among three instruments, in respect to what he considered the superiority of each for the specific movement and its scoring: the string bass, contrabassoon, and contrabass clarinet. The latter did not exist in Mozart's time, but Fennell's arguments for consideration on its behalf are supported by the sound it contributes to the places where it is used. If there are reservations about the results they would relate to the slow movements, in which Fennell tends to be a little impersonal (compared to the treatment of the Vienna Philharmonic group, without conductor) about the whole thing. However, what he achieves in finesse, precision and sheer "tuned" sound elsewhere more than compensates.

Frederick Fennell—"high affection."

Hector in Italy

BERLIOZ: *"Harold in Italy." William Primrose, viola, with Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LSC 2228, $5.98.

OF THE SIX versions of Berlioz's remarkable panorama of music and effect now in the catalogue, three present William Primrose as viola soloist, with as many different conductors: the early one with Koussevitzky (in RCA's Vault Treasures series), the one of a half a dozen years ago with Beecham, and the present one with Munch. It is not merely expectable but proper that the latest should be the best in sound: but it strikes me, also, as the best rounded treatment the score has yet had on discs.

For this, two factors are responsible: Primrose's abundant and ever-increasing command of the mood of the work as well as of its mechanics, and a kind of impulse that Munch brings to Berlioz perhaps more than to any other composer. On some occasions, as in his "Symphonie Fantastique," impulse has verged on incitement, but reasonable regard for the soloist's prerogatives acts as a desirable check on some of Munch's more extravagant inclinations.

What Primrose provides is not merely a fine sounding formation of the solo line, but, even more, an enactment of its character, which gives voice to both its outspoken eloquence and its inward brooding. There is hardly occasion at this date to comment on Primrose's command of his cumbersome instrument: what is more remarkable is the persistence of it that permits him to realize more and more of his insights into so challenging a work as this. The

Primrose—"an enactment of character."

stereo doesn't build up his sound as much as it does that of the orchestra, but the proportions have been equitably preserved, with some stunning effects in the orchestral portions (especially the "Orgy of the Brigands").

Louder, but not Funnier

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Overture "1812," "Marche Slav," and "Capriccio Italien." The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Kenneth Alwyn and the band of the Grenadier Guards, Major F. J. Harris, director.* London CS 6038, $4.98.

THIS IS HARDLY the best record of 1959, or even of January 1959 or of the week in which it was received: but it has a long lead in the competition for the noisiest, loudest record ever made. To the mere cannon added to the normal instruments of the Tchaikovsky score by Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony for Mercury, the London engineers have provided the numerous brasses of the Grenadier Guards as reinforcement for the grandiose climax of the Imperial Russian national anthem. What the listener adds as reinforcement is his own affair, but it had better be something substantial.

In a way, London has outflanked its opponents in the maneuvers of mimic warfare by utilizing the two grooves of stereo instead of the single one of conventional LP. But, to the merely fascinated ear-witness, this seems less of an advantage than a challenge, for when the shots break forth, and the band joins in the tumult, it would seem beyond the ability of the best-disposed stylus not to bounce a groove or two. To the credit of the cutting, and the Fairchild arm, the Fairchild 232 stylus rode out the turmoil serenely. It all came out as music—more or less.

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In the "Capriccio Italien" and "Marche Slav" there is rather more occasion to pay attention to the conducting of Alwyn, a concentration which does not add measurably to the enjoyment of Tchaikovsky's works. He is energetic and positive enough to suit any wants in these respects, but it is all rather four-square and insufficiently shaded for artistic results to intrude. But until RCA Victor picks up the gauge and hands Arthur Fiedler the challenge of out-voluming this "1812" (with, perhaps, a Vanguard rocket ascent taking the place of the rifle volleys and cannon shots) Alwyn has the decibel championship safely in hand.

Re-enter Levant

MOMPOU: *"Scenes of Childhood," Prokofiev: "Visions fugitives" (opus 22, Nos. 3, 6, 10, 11, and 16), Scott: "Lotus land," Ravel: "Pavane for a Dead Princess," "Forlane" and "Menuet" ("Le Tombeau de Couperin"), Debussy: "Serenade of the Doll," Rachmaninoff: Variation from "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini." Oscar Levant, piano.* Columbia ML 5324, $3.98.

INCONSISTENCY being a kind of lifelong pursuit with Oscar Levant, it is hardly surprising to find it wandering in and around this collection like a leitmotif of silence. Titled "Some Pleasant Moments in the Twentieth Century" (barely forty minutes of music are accounted for in fifty-eight years, plus), the contents and their performance are as variable as the pickup that plays them. Reduction of the "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" to a single variation of high sugar content is scarcely kind to the composer, nor does the performance ennoble the choice. On the other hand, the "Visions fugitives" of Prokofiev are played with the perception natively Levant's, the "Scenes of Childhood" with a rare blend of simplicity and insight.

Levant's disposition to Mompou is no new thing, and he projects the atmosphere and purpose of the pieces with a sure sense of phraseology, color and contrast.

On the other side, the performances of Ravel and Debussy range from indulgently romantic ("Pavane") to rather pedantically precise ("Forlane") to wistfully charming ("Serenade of the Doll"). Levant formerly played the Shostakovitch "Polka" with more lightness than he does now, while nobody has played "Lotus Land" in so long that it may seem like a new piece to the younger generation of listeners. Not fresh, perhaps, but unfamiliar.

Golden "Girl," Stella's "Tosca"

FOR THOSE WHO have been reading and hearing *about* "Fanciulla del West" for decades (it hasn't been given at the Metropolitan since 1933), there is more to be learned from two hours with this recording (London OSA 1306, $17.94), than two weeks with the books. Let us say at once that it enjoys the services of a stunning cast and one of the most imaginative treatments for disc ever accorded an opera, and that Capuana's conducting makes the most of the superb vocal fitness of the ensemble as well as the focal quartet. But if what they have to do seems worth the doing, the credit is Puccini's. When the last "Addio" dies away, what we remember is the half of it that is inimitable rather than the half that is imitation.

If Puccini had chosen a story about Australia, for example, to follow the exotic impulse that drew him to "Madama Butterfly," music of the quality of "La Fanciulla's" might have assured its steady interest in America, regardless of its inept local color. Unfortunately he was attracted to David Belasco's play involving cowboys and Indians, miners and bandits, sheriffs and a Wells Fargo agent. Set them to singing "Hello" and "Urrah" (even "Ugh!") in librettoese Italian, and you have an obstacle that has impeded concentration on the essential point of it all: "Fanciulla del West" is an excellent Italian opera in the wrong locale.

When Minnie and Johnson are singing of their love, or the Sheriff Rance is haggling with her for the same kind of accommodation that Scarpia begs of Tosca (here phrased as "love" rather than "passion") we have Puccini in full stride. The melody does not gush as fluently as in the trinity which precedes, but who since has mined as much vocal gold save Puccini himself in "Turandot"? Like the master craftsman that he was, he reserves his best for the last—the scene in which Minnie pleads with the hanging party for the doomed bandit's life in music of sufficiently endearing persuasion to make the successful outcome seem the inevitable one.

Perhaps when restrictions on the preparation of an American "edition" have lost legal force, "La Fanciulla" can be done in a way to preserve its essential eloquence and mitigate its shortcomings. In the meantime, we are free to enjoy one of the finest performances Tebaldi has yet done (save for a reach for four or five top tones which are not in her voice), and the most imposing of Mario del Monaco's operatic efforts of any kind. The tessitura, rather low, is very good for him, and the strongly defined character of Johnson is in his best dramatic vein. Giorgio Tozzi is also excellent as Jake Wallace.

But when all is said and done, this "Fanciulla del West" will rate as golden for the superb performance of Cornell MacNeil as Rance. If we can't discover much of America in this score, we can lay claim to another American operatic stalwart, whose vocal strength is much augmented since his days at City Center (1954-1957), and whose dramatic artistry affiliates him with such predecessors as Tibbett and Thomas. When the stereo is in full cry, one almost forgets that it is a recording one is overhearing, so strongly does Capuana draw the dramatic illusion.

Like the two major predecessor versions of "Tosca," Columbia's contribution to the Puccini centenary has a conspicuous virtue, but unlike London's with Renata Tebaldi, or Angel's with Maria Callas, it is not Antonietta Stella, who sings the title role, but Tullio Serafin who conducts the chorus and orchestra of the San Carlo, Naples. There are variable vocal happenings in the comings and goings of Miss Stella, Gianni Poggi as Cavardossi and Giuseppe Taddei as Scarpia, but the score flows powerfully, inexorably, from start to finish under the superbly knowing, vital direction of Serafin. (Columbia M2L 402, $11.98).

By contrast with Victor de Sabata, who made his conducting of the Callas-Angel "Tosca" something between arson and assault, Serafin projects what might be called a classic statement of the score. Every shading suggested in the printed text is carried out, minus exaggeration or overliberal "interpretation." At the same time, he is not averse to allowing the singers reasonable latitude, which they employ according to their talents.

In the case of Miss Stella, this means with generally good sound, but scant suggestion of Tebaldi's vocal opulence or the insinuating dramatic refinement of Callas. This is good, solid vocal work, but hardly meriting the pictorial fanfare accompanying it. Poggi's tight voice makes his Mario something less than romantic, and Taddei's disposition for comedy tends to shine through his darkened, but not sinister, sound for Scarpia. First class technical work in Naples.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albeniz: "Iberia," Manuel Rosenthal conducting the Paris Opera Orchestra (with Falla: "Tricorne" suite No. 2). Westminster WST 14028, $5.98. Sir Eugene Goossens conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra (with Scriabin: "Poème d'Extase" and "Reverie"). Capitol EMI G 7129, $4.98.	The Rosenthal is stereo, the Goossens is not, but this has no bearing on the relative sound of the two, or of their virtues vis-a-vis any other versions. The Paris Opera Orchestra series of Westminster has added no luster to its name, and little illumination to the works undertaken. Here, Rosenthal does well with the Falla, rather routinely with the Albeniz. The Philharmonia does better by the Arbos transcriptions, but Goossens does not come close to the Argenta standard in this music. The Scriabin is a charming piece devotedly played, but the much longer "Poème" makes little case for itself despite the quality of Goossens's effort. Excellent sound.
Antill: Corroboree (suite), Ginastera: "Panambi." Sir Eugene Goossens directing the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest SDBR 3003, $5.98.	Antill is not a misspelling of Antheil; it is, rather, the name of a composer born in New South Wales in 1904 whose evocation of an aboriginal "Corroboree" (tribal dance ceremony) has been widely heard during the last decade. It is skillfully done, with a number of picturesque details (the sections reproduced here are Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 7), though it tends to resemble other sophisticated efforts to render primitive sounds musically. "Panambi," a work of Ginastera's twentieth year (1936), is remarkable primarily for the amount of noise it generates. Goossens conveys both with zest and sympathy. The orchestral excitement is beautifully stereophoned.
Brahms: Variations on a theme of Haydn. "Academic Festival" and "Tragic" overtures. Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London CS 6030, $4.98.	The presumption that Knappertsbusch deliberation and heavy tread in Wagner are specially devised for those works is belied by the appearance of the same mannerisms in these vastly different works (likewise in some Johann Strauss of recent date directed by K.). There is very little to be said for the variations as he unfolds them, crease by crease; the "Academic Festival" could hardly be more academic or less festive. However the "Tragic" is well-presented. If this is the beginning of a Brahms cycle by Knappertsbusch, the discs will have to be larger to accommodate ordinary amounts of music in conventional quantities of sides.
Dvorak: Concerto in B minor. Pablo Casals, cello, with George Szell conducting the Czech Philharmonic. Angel COLH 30, $5.98.	Those who recall this recording of 1937 (issued here in August 1938) in the rather coarse shellac of that period will be gratified to know that the sound has been considerably upgraded on this reissue originating in France. However when the playing gets into rapid figurations in the higher positions it is still somewhat gritty and ill-defined. In spirit and fervor it remains a substantial accomplishment for Casals, and salutary one for Szell (then unknown here).
Falla: "El Amor Brujo," "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." Manuel Rosenthal conducting the Paris Opera Orchestra, with A. Peris de Pruliere, mezzo, and Yvonne Loriod, piano. Westminster WST 14021, $5.98.	The values here are much the same as those noted above apropos the Albeniz-Falla disc by Rosenthal, though, being all-Falla, it is consistently of more gratifying quality. However the orchestra is an indifferent one, the technical means insufficient to permit a full exposition of Rosenthal's generally good ideas. The Pruliere mezzo is beset by a wobble, but Loriod (French-born and thirty-four, facts which I learn from the newly published "Baker" admirably brought to date by Nicolas Slonimsky for Schirmer), is a pianist of considerable fluency and musicality. Her sound, however, does not flourish any better than the orchestra's.
Franck: Symphony in D minor. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2131, $5.98.	One of the best performances of anything to the credit of Munch with the Boston Symphony, and as good a performance of this work as the phonograph has recently offered. Munch is versed in every nuance of the writing, and delivers both its vacillation and its conviction with a sure sense of emphasis and proportion. In addition, the orchestra's identity with his color sense is complete, to the end of some superb blends in the stereo sound.
Gould: "Declaration" suite, "Jekyll and Hyde" variations. Howard Mitchell conducting the National Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2264, $4.98.	As has been the case with many of Gould's recent works in a large design, these strike me as overwritten rather than meaningful, especially in the case of the "Variations." For all the facility with both the orchestra and the forms he manipulates, Gould's ideas rarely have the basic shape and outline to make them rememberable. Mitchell's performances could scarcely be bettered, and the reproduction is first class.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt" music. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, with chorus and Ilse Hollweg, soprano. Angel S 35445, $4.98. Øiven Fjeldstad conducting the London Symphony. London CS 6049, $4.98.	Both issues include the material of Suites I and II, which, with additions, brings the total to ten items in each case. Fjeldstad does his work well, with a sensitivity and flair that are to his credit. However he does not command the nuance, refinement and capacity for color that are Beecham's distinctions, and his "Solveig" songs suffer.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 45 ("Farewell") and 100 ("Military"). Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Westminster WST 14044, $5.98.	There are too many silly details in both of these performances for them to be affiliated with Scherchen's Haydn before he became aware of status as a "specialist" in them. In the "Farewell" (beyond a questionable taste in the treatment of its embellishments) there are a series of verbal "auf wiedersehens" as the musicians depart at the end, without any authority other than "tradition," and in the "Military," a striving for sensationalism in sound converts it into a concerto for percussion and orchestra. What should be a jubilation in the stereo becomes a horrible jangling—no musical sound at all.
Respighi: "Feste Romane," Rachmaninoff: "Symphonic Dances." Sir Eugene Goossens conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest SDBR 3004, $11.96.	Save that both are written by composers whose names begin with R, there is no ready explanation for coupling of these items in a single album, as each occupies a disc by itself. Nor is there any economic concession to qualify as an explanation. Actually, each could have been played on a single side, though the sound result may have been compromised. Here it is especially good in the "Befany" section of the "Feste," where Goossens shows himself master of the problem and its expression.
Roussel: Concerto, opus 36. Serge Baudio, conductor, with Claude Helffer, piano. "Spider's Feast." Rudolf Albert, conductor. Omega OSL 15, $5.95.	The increased awareness of this concerto made possible by its recording may restore it to concert hall currency, for it is worthy of its composer's name, and suitable occupation for a virtuoso with a tendency to music of recent years. Helffer shows a good feeling for its keyboard idiom, as Baudio does of the orchestra in his leadership. Overside Albert, of Munich, leads a creditable performance of "Feste d'Araignee," though it does not measure to the level of some played by better known orchestras. Better acoustic surroundings would have improved the stereo.
Strauss: "Fledermaus," Auber: "Fra Diavolo," Mozart: "Marriage of Figaro," Rossini: "La Gazza Ladra," Berlioz: "Roman Carnival" overtures. George Szell directing the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic LC 3506, $3.98.	It may be a mere copywriter's conceit to dub this a package of "merry" overtures, but it points out the one thing that they aren't in Szell's treatment—merry. He does, indeed, lead the orchestra a merry chase, with whipped up tempi and over produced dynamics, but the spirit of the music necessarily suffers. It is, in all respects, excellent instrumentalism, in dash, ensemble and flexibility, but rather too much in spite of the music rather than on behalf of it. A very good accomplishment for the Epic technical staff, in any case. —Irving Kolodin.

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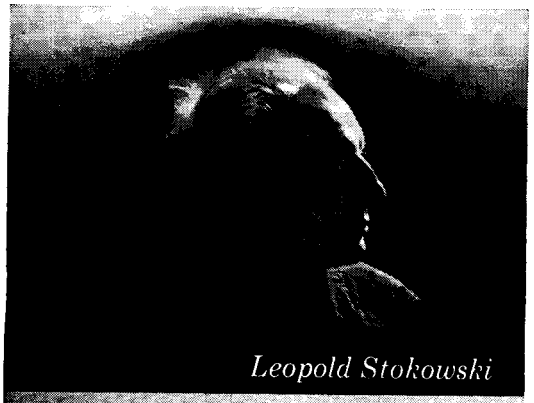

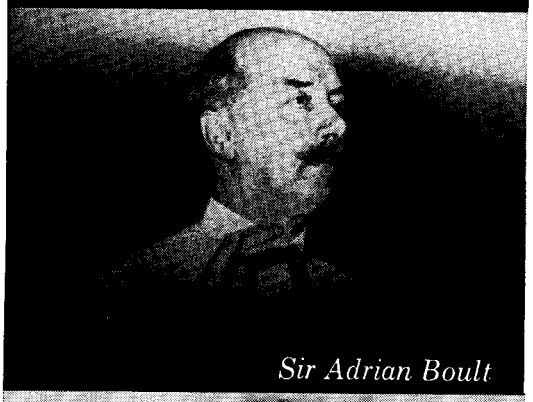

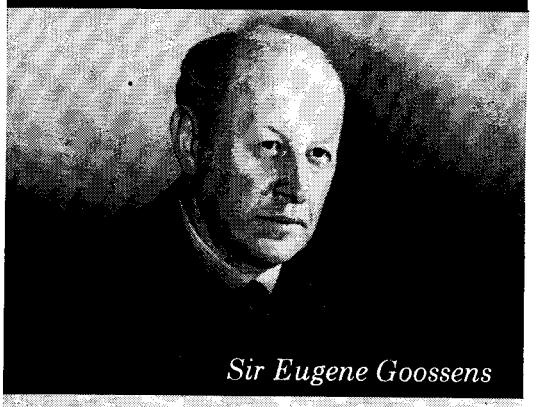

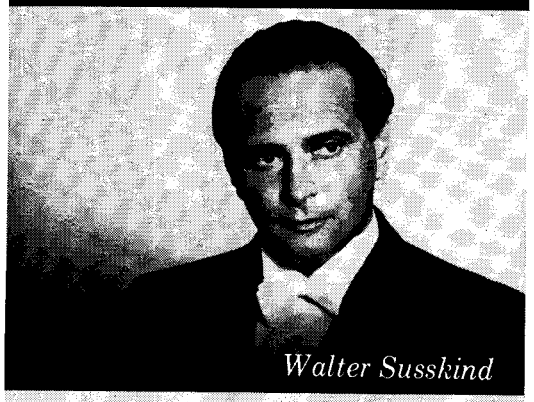

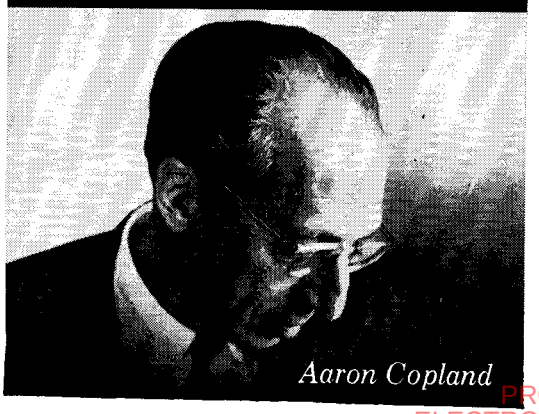

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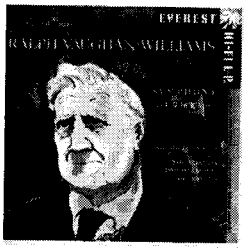

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Copland: "Appalachian Spring"; **Gould:** "Spirituals"—Walter Susskind, the London Symphony Orchestra.
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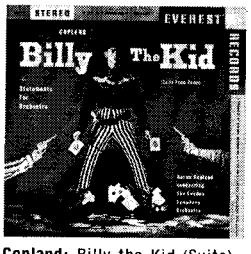

Copland: Billy the Kid (Suite); Statements For Orchestra—Aaron Copland, conducting the London Symphony Orch.
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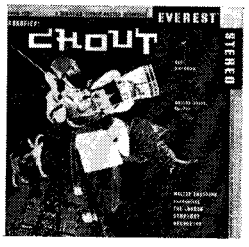

Prokofiev: "Chout" (the Buffoon) Ballet Suite—Walter Susskind conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.
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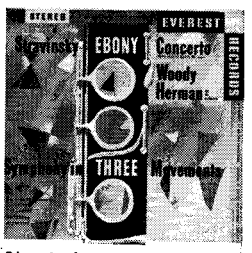

Stravinsky: Ebony Concerto (Woody Herman); Symphony in Three Movements. Sir Eugene Goossens, the London Sym. Orch. **LPBR-6009 SDBR-3009†**

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Prelude in C, Fugue in G minor, Largo, Bourrée, etc. Marcel Grandjany, harp. Capitol P 8459, $4.98.	As a demonstration of Grandjany's skill and musicianship, this is typically distinctive and full of pleasantly lulling sonorities. However the particular constructional point of the fugue (transcribed into D minor to adapt it to the harp from its violin original) is lost when transcribed, the contrapuntal lines blurred by the overhang of sonority. The fault is neither in the music nor the instrument, but in the combination of them. Also included is a pleasurable sonata (1762) for harp (written in G, played in F) by C. P. E. Bach.
Buzzi-Peccia: "Lolita," Leoncavallo: "Mattinata," di Capua: "O Sole Mio," Tosti: "Serenata," "Addio," "Musica Probita," etc. Alfredo Kraus, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Enrique Estela. Montilla FM 129, $4.98.	As those acquainted with the Spanish catalogues are aware, Alfredo Kraus is a native of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, despite his improbable name. He has a strong lyric voice, but it is tightly produced for the purposes of what might be called the Gigli repertory. In the softer ranges it is agreeable enough, but his forte is hard and unpleasant. The Spanish recording (Madrid) is quite good.
Chausson: Quartet in A, opus 30. André Previn, piano, with Feri Roth, violin, Laurent Halleux, viola and Cesare Pascarella, cello. SFM 1003, $4.98.	Not the least of the attractions in this work is the surehanded, thoroughly understanding performance of Previn, whose aptitude for this literature pre-dates his attraction to jazz and adds another to the growing list of musicians equally at home in formal or informal music. The members of the Roth Quartet form a well-coordinated counterpart to the piano, in a performance of much spirit and finesse. However the sponsorship of the "Society for Forgotten Music" leads us perhaps inevitably to the question of why this music has been obscure if not "forgotten": and the conclusion has to be that it is of uneven merit, and its ideas are unequal in quality to Chausson's compositional craft.
Chopin: Ballade in A flat, Fantaisie in F minor, Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise Brilliante, Polonaise-Fantaisie (op. 61). Wilhelm Kempff, piano. London CS 6040, $4.98. "Impromptus," Berceuse, Barcarolle, Nocturne (B major), Scherzo (C sharp minor). The same. London CS 6041, $4.98. Sonatas (B flat minor, B minor). The same. London CS 6042, $4.98.	What the purpose of this tripartite release may be (other than a demonstration that Kempff can finger the patterns of Chopin as readily as those of Beethoven or Brahms) is difficult to determine. It recalls the pre-LP days when repertory was dispensed because of personal prestige rather than suitability to the artist. Kempff's Chopin has a number of strongly defined characteristics—firm rhythm, sustained melodic outline and well marked dynamics—but most of them are antipathetic to the real needs of the composer: sympathy, understanding, idiomatic shading. It is difficult to particularize as to Kempff's strong or weak points in the specific works, for he may phrase some details well and others ineptly within the same work. In some of the shorter works—such as the "Berceuse" and "Barcarolle"—his strong musicality asserts an appeal of its own. The piano-in-stereo is decidedly good.
Debussy: "Reflets dans l'eau," "Arabesques," "Cathedrale Engloutie," "Minstrels," "La plus que lente," "Poissons d'Or," "La Fille aux cheveux de lin," "General Lavine," "Reverie," and "Feux d'artifice." Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Capitol P 8451, $4.98.	If Firkusny has not the coloristic capacities of some Debussy interpreters, he is wise enough not to counterfeit an approach alien to him. Thus, instead of being falsely over-refined in a striving for values of line and timbre, Firkusny applies the warmth and fluency of musical feeling which are naturally his to the end of some endearing and expressive Debussy. He is especially effective in such lyric pieces as "Arabesques," "La Fille aux cheveux de lin," and "Reverie." Very good piano sound, also.
Debussy: "Pantomime," "Clair de lune," "Pierrot," "Apparition," "Ariettes Oubliées," "Beau Soir," "Mandoline," "Fantoches," "Les Ingénus," etc. Pierrette Alarie, soprano, with Allan Rogers, piano. Westminster XWN 18778, $4.98.	The order of accomplishment by Miss Alarie here is very much akin to the recent Ravel disc commended in *SR* (Dec. 27, 1958). Especially in some of the higher-lying songs which permit her to shape a delicate outline with her well controlled top, Miss Alarie achieves uncommon and distinctive results. But she can also trace a lovely sound in the middle register, as in "Beau Soir." She is least effective in the faster-moving songs such as "Chevaux de Bois" and "Mandoline," in which the sound thins out unpleasantly. Allan Rogers is the helpful pianist. The texts as reproduced in minute print are all but useless.
Mahler: "Kindertotenlieder," "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen." Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. London OS 25039, $5.98.	As noted on the occasion of its original monophonic release last spring, the initial appeal of Flagstad's sumptuous sound in this music is offset by a tendency to slow tempi and gravity of manner, which burden the already weighty sentiment insupportably. Perhaps a conductor with more individuality of impulse would have corrected the imbalance, but Sir Adrian does not. Very good perspective in the stereo.
Schubert: "Marche Militaire" (op. 51, No. 1), Grande Marche (op. 40, No. 6), Andantino Varié in B minor (op. 84, No. 1), Divertissement à la Hongroise (op. 54). Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus, piano. Westminster XWN 18790, $4.98.	In succession to the recent Carnegie Hall recital of these performers (playing four hands on one piano) the record raises the question whether such performance is not much more for the performers than the listener. Perhaps in another selection of repertory the impression would be otherwise, but in this collection even the substantial "Divertissement" doesn't communicate very much. And in the overside collection of marches and the "Andantino Varié" the quality of Schubert is far from his best, with endless repetitions of not very good tunes. In this respect the "Two Marches Caractéristiques" (opus 121) are outstanding, or instanding.
Shostakovitch: Quintet. The Beethoven Quartet, with D. Shostakovitch, piano. Quartet No. 1. Komitas Quartet. Vanguard VRS 6032, $4.98.	Neither of these works offer convincing proof that chamber music is a mode of expression for which Shostakovitch has as much aptitude as he has impulse. The two works originated within a few years of each other (1937 for the quartet, 1940 for the quintet) and share a common striving for a consecutively melodic texture. Every so often a patch of sunlight (in the form of a conventionally attractive melody) pierces the gloom—suggesting that Shostakovitch well knows the difference—but the preoccupation with tenuously spun-out lines doesn't add to listening interest. The quintet works up to a successfully concluded finale but it is often tedious going along the way. All the performances (including Shostakovitch's at the piano) are excellent. As recording of small ensemble goes, this is well up to world quality.
Wieniawski: "Scherzo-Tarantelee," Elgar: "Capricieuse," Kroll: "Banjo and Fiddle," Smetana: "From the Homeland," Achron: "Hebrew Melody," Moszkowski: "Guitarre," Sarasate: "Jota Aragonesa," etc. Ruggiero Ricci, violin, with Ernest Lush, piano. London CS 6039, $4.98.	Ricci is not ideally suited to the "small piece" repertory, for his strongly personal fervor tends to crowd music of narrow dimensions and modest sentiment. But he has been uncommonly successful in assembling a varied group of works not usually favored in collections of this sort, and several of them make spirited listening. Tops in this category are Kroll's "Banjo and Fiddle," Hubay's "Zephyr," the Moszkowski "Guitarre," and Sarasate's "Jota." On the other hand, his version of Smetana's "Aus der Heimat" is barely recognizable, in its speed and angular accents, as the work played so delightfully by Kreisler (and of which a recorded version still exists). Also included are Vecsey's "Vent," the posthumous "Nocturne" of Chopin (No. 20), and Bazzini's "La Ronde des Lutins." The recording leaves nothing to be desired. —J. K.

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Tapes in Review

The Karajan "Falstaff"

VERDI: *"Falstaff." Tito Gobbi, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nan Merriman, Rolando Panerai, Fedora Barbieri, Anna Moffo and Luigi Alva, with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Herbert Von Karajan.* Angel stereo tapes: ST-9001; ST-9002; ST-9003. Each $16.95.

THIS FIRST stereo tape release of Verdi's great comic opera has been rather long in reaching America, although it has been available to English collectors for well over a year. Like most British recordings, it proves to have been well worth waiting for, and, as part of Angel's introductory tape package for export, it strengthens the impression that the choice of items owes as much to a nicely selective British ear as to the commercial expediency that dictates a major part of our own recorded output.

Angel thus would seem at the very outset to be scrutinizing a field that is still largely terra incognita. Whatever the future of tape may be, its permanent market may well lie among that growing, but so far underserviced, group of discriminating collectors for whom only the ultimate in reproductive finesse can do justice to the values of serious music. At any rate, welcome to the arrival of a "Falstaff," which is so compounded of virtues (both electronic and musical), that it is a serious contender for the honors held by Toscanini's LP for RCA Victor (LM-6111).

In addition to a more vocally resplendent cast than that utilized by the late maestro, the Angel presentation possesses its own share of unflagging vitality, along with crystalline clarity of line. In "Falstaff" the stress is, of course, on ensemble—the merry machinations of the women being counterpointed at every turn by the men's own indignant scheming in a bubbling battle of the sexes that unfolds in quartets and quintets as sparkling as they are involved.

Von Karajan deftly counterpoises the vocal element against the expressive instrumental writing, giving the dynamic and emotional swells their full weight of humor and skilfully limning the quicksilver changes of musical portraiture (as in, for example, the gem-like transition from the melodrama of Ford's jealous monologue to the mincing entrance of Falstaff got up in full courting rig).

Although bars of isolated vocal melody are few, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's silvery tones and Nan Merriman's warmer register give full aural dimension to their roles. Gobbi's Falstaff is a vocally robust scalawag, although I feel he could have stressed the buffo element further. Fedora Barbieri as Mistress Quickly, Panerai as Ford, and Luigi Alva and Anna Moffo as the young lovers, fulfill their tasks delightfully, as do all the rest.

Angel's recording sound, as remarked last month, has a close-meshed, homogeneous quality that gives an effect of complete naturalness with no loss of detail or dimension. This seems to be as much a matter of microphoning as of scrupulous editing in the laboratory. The results can be highly recommended.

Pittsburgh "Emperor"

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 5 in E-flat ("Emperor"). William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Rudolf Firkusny, pianist.* Capitol stereo tape ZF-62. $14.95.

THIS ARRIVED too late for inclusion among the top tapes of 1958. It would have rated high on the list, not alone for its fine recording, but for the outstanding collaboration of Firkusny and Steinberg, two musicians of rare perception who here combine this with fine unity of purpose.

Stereo (not unprecedentedly) uncovers a vitality of performance not wholly revealed by the monaural pressing (Capitol PAO-8419), confirming the linear strength of Firkusny's immaculate pianism and re-establishing the force of Steinberg's lucid statement. Still, there is little of exterior flourish in their playing. It is thoughtful, detailed, and leans toward understatement more often than one might wish, but although they lend certain portions (e.g., the hymn-like slow movement) an almost chamber music intimacy, they also muster a convincing brilliance for the music's bolder strokes.

Recordings of the "Emperor" include nearly every top ranking pianist, but the only other release on tape, to my knowledge is that of RCA Victor (FCS-61). Unfortunately, a coarse-grained recording operates there against the fine collaboration of Rubinstein and Krips, which—whether for this reason, or some other—carries less musical conviction.

Martin—"shorn of all astringency."

Martin and Campos-Parsi

CAMPOS-PARSI: *Divertimento del Sur. Members of the Casals Festival Orchestra, directed by Milton Katims.*

MARTIN: *Ballade for Flute (orchestral arrangement by Ernest Ansermet). Collegium Musicum Orchestra, directed by Kurt Rapf; Kamillo Wanansell, flute.* Cook stereo tape 1060-ST. $12.95.

COOK LABORATORIES do not release many items, but those they do are almost sure to be technically of a high finish and concerned with works of provocative interest. Hector Campos-Parsi's Divertimento del Sur ("of the south") takes its name from the composer's Puerto Rican birthplace, and is scored for string orchestra with flute and clarinet solos (played respectively by Bernard Goldberg and Wallace Shapiro). Stravinsky's ubiquitous influence is felt in the first movement's nervous energy, but there is a pastoral slow movement that swings into a rousing dance to complete the well-contrasted formal arrangement. The spare, transparent writing is beautifully set forth by the players in an unusually clean and airy recording.

Frank Martin's Ballade for Flute (originally for "flute, strings and piano" and written in 1939) is stunningly presented in an arrangement by Ansermet that keeps the music's luminous character marvellously undimmed. This is a brief, enchanting work that must become better known. Although the twelve-tone row is a factor, it is shorn of all astringency, and so harmonically woven into the fabric that the music glows with a warm, exotic beauty.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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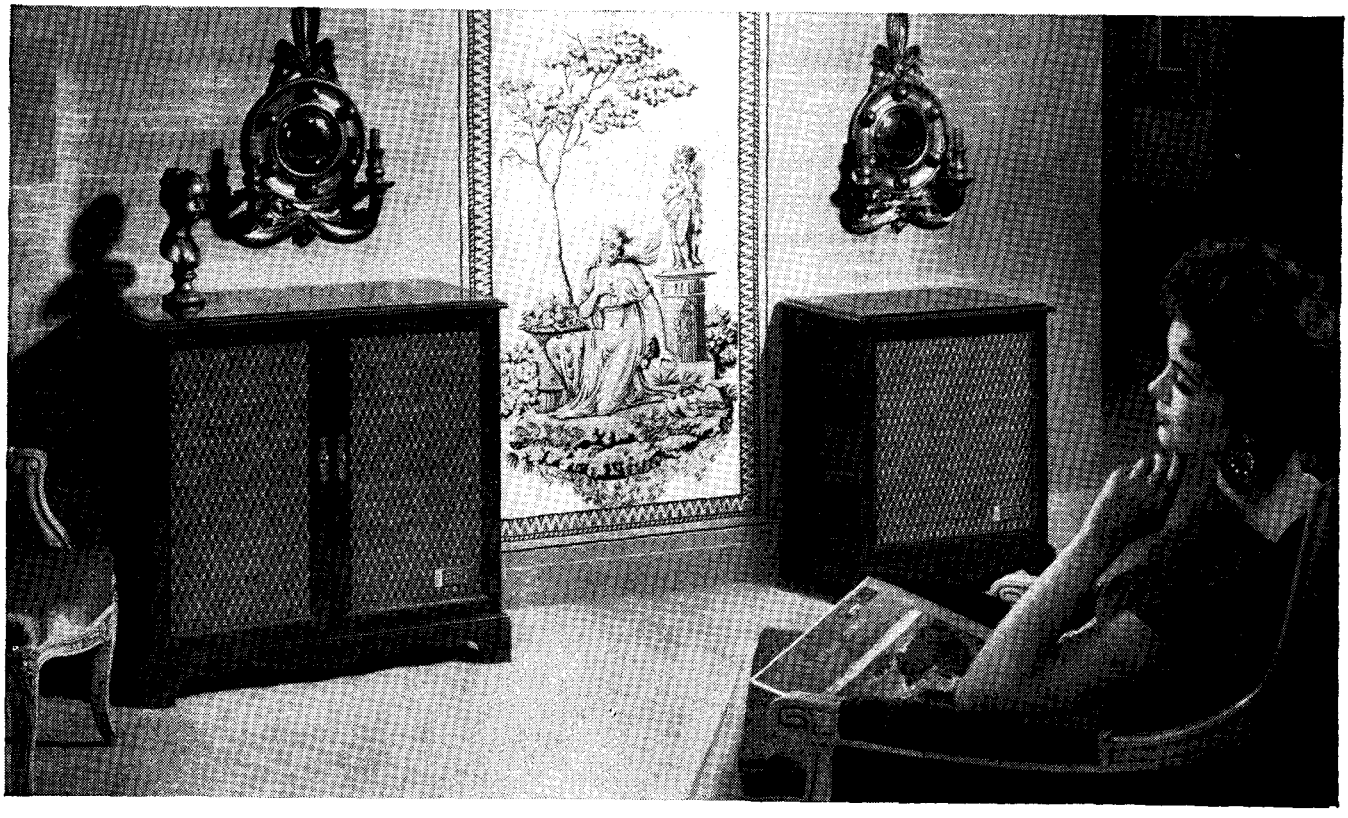

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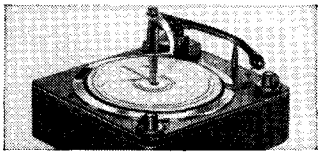

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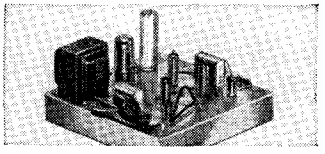

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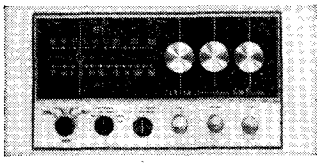

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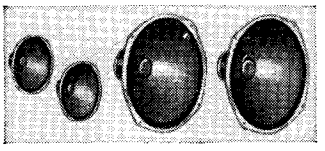

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Voices From Iberia

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

LIKE nearly all folk music, whether "pure" or "diluted," the folk songs and dances of Spain tend to be theatrical performances. They are meant to be listened to and watched by an audience that will not only accept what the performers offer, but often will take some part in it. All the music and noise of Spanish folk performance supply elements of the atmosphere in which things happen. Deprived of locale, of the living visibility of singers, dancers, and onlookers, the elements of Spanish folk performance that can be captured with microphones bring us only one segment of a totality in which another, equally creative element is visual. The sound alone sometimes is sufficiently vital to summon up, for anyone who—if only as an onlooker—has taken part in a similar performance, all the sexual projection, rather vicious brilliance, and historic tragedy of the real thing. But that this music and this noise can finally turn out anything but monotonous to anyone who has never been with them on Spanish soil seems unlikely.

Westminster has been issuing, under the editorship of Alan Lomax (who has done some of the recording in the field), a series of single records with the general title "Songs and Dances of Spain." Mr. Lomax is both brave and careful—brave to plunge at all into the endlessly complex terminology of the many Spanish folk musics, careful in not being puristic about that terminology. The recordings (of which nine have been issued thus far—Westminster WF 12001-5 inclusive and 12018-21 inclusive, $4.98 each) are expertly atmospheric. Mr. Lomax's sleeve notes are understandably vague, but will do for all except students—although full texts and translations are not supplied. Four of the nine records are at hand for review.

Subtitled "Cities of Andalusia," WF 12001 contains nineteen Gypsy numbers from cities and villages. To outsiders, this is the most "familiar" and "characteristic" Spanish music: the *flamenco*, the *cante jondo*, the post-Moorish wailing, the many resemblances to North African and other extra-European folk idioms. Guitars, *bandurrias*, castanets, singing at once nasal and melismatic all are here in abundance. Knowing that this music enchants and all but bewitches many listeners, I nevertheless find two LP sides of it much too much.

Far more rewarding is WF 12002, "Cities of Majorca and Ibiza," notably because of the six recording bands devoted to Ibizan music. The traditional Ibizan "glottal shake," which Mr. Lomax describes accurately as "a series of liquid bird-like noises," is fascinating to hear. Female and male singers alike practice it with astounding ease, producing sounds like nothing else that is human. Also, the instrumental accompaniments remove this Ibizan music from the Andalusian Gypsy style: they include pipes, tabors, the reed *xirimia*, and a sword struck rhythmically with a nail. The sea between Ibiza and Cape Nao has preserved this island music from the encroaching insistence of the Andalusian Gypsy style.

WF 12004, "Popular Dances of Majorca and the Jota of Aragon," proffers twelve more exotic-sounding island songs and dances, and notably the exquisite *"Bolero d'es Verma."* Its second side anatomizes the Aragonese jota—and incidentally demonstrates how far from ordinary musical considerations a specialist in such a field can be led. Mr. Lomax describes the singing of María Pilar in *"Jota Magollonera"* as that of "an exquisitely, carefully cultivated voice." Perhaps it sounded so on the spot. In a Manhattan living room, however, the singing is far from Victoria de los Angeles. Is this the sort of aurally painful singing that in Mr. Lomax's ears distinguishes sophistication from lack of training?

A WONDERFUL, unclassifiable people have their turn on WF 12018, "The Spanish Basques." Basque music, often choral in an almost Welsh way, is predominantly male, often harsh. The sleeve listing of selections on this record does not agree with that on the label, and I am convinced that they are both wrong. In any case, although some monotony creeps in, this Basque record is as striking as "Cities of Majorca and Ibiza." The apparently jawbreaking Basque language sings handsomely; instruments with names like *xistu* and *alboca* provide fresh timbres; the results often suggest musical procedures of ancient lineage but modern externals, procedures that somehow skipped the gradations by which most national styles changed slowly from then to now. Little on this record is seductive or pretty; all of it is alive.

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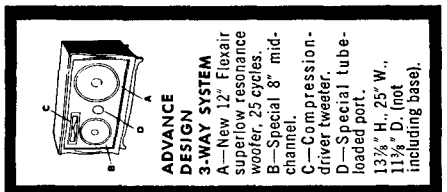
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EARMARKS

Pops Around the World

"L'AIR DE PARIS," a collection of second-rate movie plots and magazine mood stories set to music and sung by Jacqueline François (Columbia CL 1200, $3.98), is only one of several records that has set this reviewer to wondering what, if anything, has happened to that once-lively international set of singers, dancers, and musicians that used to be a reliable source of good musical entertainment. Part of the answer is implicit in the title to a new LP from a man whose accomplishments had established him as representative-at-large from this area.

"Maurice Chevalier 'Yesterday'" (MGM E3702, $3.98) is a rather painful effort at recapturing some of this star's former glitter. In it are songs of the late twenties and early thirties that were sure-glitter then—"Mimi," "Walkin' My Baby Back Home," "Louise," "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," "Valentine," "Hello Beautiful"—and perhaps it is too much to expect of M. Chevalier that he could shine it over into anything convincing for now. This is not to say that Chevalier isn't still singing with better understanding of the popular song—its tricks, bends, dramatic impacts, and moods—than many youngsters kicking about nowadays. But the youngsters are youngsters, and this is an arena that belongs to them, as it did to Chevalier for a good long youth.

Another part of the answer might come from Joni James's "Ti Voglio Bene" (MGM E3623, $3.98). Her solution was to be born in the United States of Italian parents. For this reason, she can infuse songs of Italian origin with a certain vitality and realism, the kind of realism that used to be an exclusive property of recordings that came from abroad of foreign song. Her collection includes those public-domain staples "Torna a Sorriento," "O Sole Mio," and "Santa Lucia," plus a few Italian titles that have made international hit listings in recent years—"Dicitencello Vuie" and "Arrivederci Roma," among others. Her voice is sweet, she understands the songs, and there's no reason to doubt that they won't be well accepted in Italy, even as here.

This brings us to what may have happened to the singers from abroad. They're so international that they've lost their own backgrounds. Jacqueline François, who began as a French girl making records for export, has now become so conscious of the American market that she is beginning to sound like an American girl polishing up an accent for triumphs abroad.

Happily, there are exceptions. "Luiz Bonfá's Brazilian Guitar" (Capitol T10134, $3.98) presents the well-seasoned work of a man who has arrived at brilliant results through guitar training that is based on Spanish and South American musical tradition. Even when he plays American tunes like Walter Gross's "Tenderly" and Harold Arlen's "Over the Rainbow," the stiff backbone of an original talent that refuses to play like Les Paul is still present.

"Celeste Rodrigues" (Capitol T10153, $3.98) is another LP that brings with it something of the country of its origin—in this case, Portugal. There's no great pretension here that Celeste Rodrigues is presenting any sort of authentic folk material, yet the music does have the ring of sophisticated entertainment from a foreign capital. It's no surprise, then, to learn that the tapes for this record were taken at her night club, the Viela, Rua das Taipas, 14, Lisbon. Others who spell Celeste Rodrigues throughout the evening that was taped for this record are Arminda Vidal and Jorge Silva.

The impenetrably neutral and starchily traditional Swiss might be expected to come up with something that doesn't smack of Hollywood's idea of how else they should be, and this they have done in "Swiss Mountain Music" (Capitol T10161, $3.98). It contains yodeling, ländler, polkas, alpine song, waltzes, all performed by country dance bands and singers who have been out of the country long enough to play for an occasional tourist. The Swiss for this is *Musik mit Jodel*, and there doesn't seem to be any need to particularize further.

"Music of the City—London" (Columbia CL 1170, $3.98) is a musical tour, conducted by Wally Stott, who is arranger for the BBC. The arrangements incorporate almost every pop tune that has ever been associated with London, and as a sort of documentary travelogue, it's an interesting try. The band is big and competent, and the whole affair opens and closes with the pealing of Big Ben. No one will say it is anything but English.

—FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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Macbeth

Continued from page 39

tempi are altered, this ballet of witches would lose all character and would not produce the effect that I think is there . . . Another observation for the banquet scene in Act Two. I've seen 'Macbeth' played many times in France, England, and in Italy, and they always have Banquo appear from a *coulisse*; he turns, waves his arms, inveighs against Macbeth, then goes calmly off into another *coulisse*. To me, this has no illusion at all, inspires no terror, and you can't understand whether this is a man or a spirit. Where I staged 'Macbeth' in Florence, I had Banquo (with a gaping wound in his forehead) appear from a trap, precisely at the place set aside for Macbeth. He didn't move, except—at the right moment—to sway his body. The stage was arranged like this:

(and Verdi made a little sketch of the set)

This gives Macbeth room to move in, and Lady can be always at his side, to say those words privately, which the situation demands . . ."

A few costume sketches survive from this Paris first edition of the revised "Macbeth." They give an idea of the Scotland created for the 1865 French public. Lady Macbeth has a neoclassic hair-do and wears a neoclassic gown, with a kind of apron, which—as the artist's written directions insist—is heavily embroidered in gold. Macbeth, with plumed helmet and battle-ax, looks like a Greek warrior more suited to a Metastasio libretto than to Piave or to Shakespeare. And, in the few editions of "Macbeth" since 1865, the same confusion as to style and period seems to have obtained.

The opera has only in recent years come into its own. At the San Carlo, it was performed twice in 1849, once in 1860, once again in the following year, and then again in 1864. Since then, not at all. In this century, it has been performed twice at La Scala: in the 1938-39 season, directed by Marinuzzi (with Clara Jacopo, Alexander Sved, and Tancredi Pasero); and in the 1952-53 season, directed by De Sabata, staged by Ebert, with Maria Meneghini Callas as la Lady, Enzo Mascherini as Macbeth, and Italo Tajo as Banco. In May 1951, it returned to Florence—the scene of its birth—for four performances at the Maggio Musicale, with Astrid Varnay as the Lady. And in the winter of 1956, Tito Gobbi sang the title role in Rome. Its appearance, finally, at the Metropolitan on February 5 is to all purposes its

(*Continued on page 59*)

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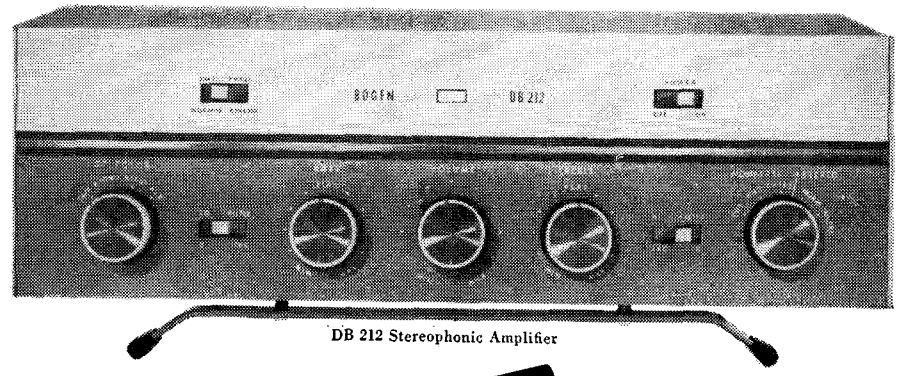

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THE OTHER SIDE

HOFFNUNG IN STEREO

LONDON.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that some performances simply cannot be recorded "live"—however high a value we place on spontaneity and "atmosphere" or, if you prefer it, audience participation. Columbia's record of the second Hoffnung Festival (which is having an unprecedented pair of repetitions on February 6) is an odd piece of work, which attempts to distribute its favors impartially among all contributors. Without being able to see that hilarious melee of characters, costumes and props, "Let's Fake an Opera" is not half as funny (it is akin to reducing a Marx Brothers picture to its sound track), while nothing could be more pointless than the inclusion of an excerpt from Francis Chagrin's Concerto for Conductor and Orchestra. A concerto without its "soloist"?

Malcolm Arnold's superbly grim tone poem about the United Nations, on the other hand, is mutilated almost beyond recognition—this must surely be done again in a very carefully stereo-engineered studio performance—and there is all too little of Sugar Plums, that delightful Tchaikovsky medley, hilariously "interpreted" by the Dolmetsch Ensemble. We can, however, be thankful that Joseph Horowitz's admirable parodies, Edith Evans's majestic recitation with music of "The Famous Tay Whale" and, above all, the Hoffnung/Amis duologue introducing "Punkt, Kontrapunkt" have been preserved more or less intact, though even these items would have benefited from a studio recording. All in all this disc, like its predecessor, is little more than a keepsake for those of us who were actually there; outsiders with a taste for talented tomfoolery can only hope that a Hoffnung Festival will one day be visible in *their* locality.

In addition to the Berlioz Requiem and other marvelous Beecham concerts rounding off Sir Thomas's present visit to these shores, December brought us one of the most memorable evenings in the history of the Festival Hall. Igor Stravinsky conducted the BBC Symphony Orchestra in a program of his own works: a retrospective survey of his development that began with "Agon" and ended with excerpts from "The Firebird," taking in the Symphony in Three Movements and "Apollon Musagete" en route. London audiences are supposed to be singularly unadventurous in their patronage, but on this occasion many were turned away (though the whole concert was being broadcast) while inside the auditorium the atmosphere seemed to be charged with electricity. Although we have nowadays a sizable catalogue of Stravinsky recordings, you have to join The Record Society in order to own the only available disc of that palpable masterpiece, the Symphony in Three Movements, and up to the present Philips has not thought it its duty to make the composer's own performance of "Agon" available to the British public.

RCA stereo issues just announced include the Rubinstein—Krips "Emperor" concerto (this Beethoven series has had an unenthusiastic reception over here), the new Boston—Munch version of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" with William Primrose once more the solo violist (his third recording of the work) and excerpts from a pair of Tchaikovsky ballets—"Swan Lake" (Covent Garden Orchestra under Morel) and "The Sleeping Beauty" (London Symphony—Monteux). Another allied label, Oiseau-Lyre, joins the stereo ranks this month with three discs devoted, respectively, to music by Purcell, Handel and Bach. The last of these belongs to the fascinating series by Thurston Dart and the Philomusica and it features arias and cantatas for solo contralto with Helen Watts, the warm-voiced, musicianly soloist. Anthony Lewis directs the Philomusica for the Handel and Purcell discs, each an enjoyable collection of arias and instrumental pieces with vocal contributions from Joan Sutherland (Covent Garden's gifted Australian soprano, who is to star in a new production of Donizetti's "Lucia" under Tullio Serafin during February), Jennifer Vyvyan, William Herbert and Hervey Alan.

Malcolm Arnold—"superbly grim tone poem"

Apart from an opulent recording of Holst's "The Planets" by Sargent and the BBC Symphony and a workmanlike disc featuring the first Symphonies of Shostakovich and Prokofiev (Philharmonia under Efrem Kurtz), EMI's brief December stereo list proved rather disappointing, in respect of quality as well as quantity. For the present, the only company to offer any serious challenge to the Decca Group's leadership in this field is DGG, whose lengthy initial release is now fully available and which has just announced a further, substantial list (including the first Archive stereo issues). From an engineering point of view, these discs (which, unlike standard DGG issues, are pressed and packaged in Germany) often present a curious mixture of really beautiful sound allied to clumsy microphone placement.

An altogether charming coupling of Haydn Concertos for Oboe and Flute (the former of doubtful authenticity) illustrates this paradox to perfection. The over-all quality of the sound could hardly be more attractive, but the orchestral tutti seems split in two, leaving a gap in the center, with the soloists firmly anchored to the left hand channel and so close to the microphone that the oboist's keys provide what sounds like a gentle obbligato for castanets, while the flutist appears to breathe right into the listener's face! Nevertheless, it is a most enjoyable disc, as is Jochum's coupling of the same composer's 91st and 103rd symphonies (despite some excessively romantic touches), while lovers of chamber music have cause to be grateful for issues of Brahms's F minor Piano Quintet and Dvorak's "Dumky" Trio, which show how much the new techniques benefit even music of an intimate character.

DGG's second release, about which I shall have more to say in a month's time, features as its pièce de résistance the first stereo version of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Fricsay in charge of the Berlin Philharmonic, and the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, together with an imposing solo quartet consisting of Seefried, Maureen Forrester, Haefliger and Fischer-Dieskau. The Ninth is issued in a sumptuous looking album and takes three sides, with the Egmont and Leonora Three overtures occupying the fourth side. Fric-

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say, indeed, appears to be regarded by DGG as its trump card, for he also directs an abridged "Carmen" in this stereo release, with Oralia Dominguez, Maria Stader, Josef Simandi and Joseph Metternich in the principal roles, and a complete "Don Giovanni," starring Fischer-Dieskau, is scheduled for early release. (Apropos the abridged "Carmen," and the similarly abbreviated "Traviata" featured in DGG's first stereo list, it is odd to note that the institution of the "Kurzoper" should have survived for thirty years despite the advent of LP and stereo!)

Instrumental and chamber music is again well to the fore in this DGG list, with an Italian performance of Brahms's G minor Piano Quartet and his two Cello Sonatas played by Hoelscher and Demus; Demus also contributes two Schubert discs devoted to the entire Impromptus and the Moments Musicaux, Op. 94, while the piano duettists, Kurt Bauer and Heidi Bung, are featured in an unusual programme of music by Schumann, Chopin, Saint-Saëns and Busoni. There are also no fewer than three Lieder recitals—Seefried sings Schubert and Strauss, while Fischer-Dieskau devotes a disc to Othmar Schoeck—and there are others such as a Wagner concert featuring the Bayreuth Festival Chorus and Orchestra under Wilhelm Pitz (the noted trainer of the Bayreuth and Philharmonia Choruses), a disc of sacred Hebrew music entitled "Voices of Israel" (after all these years, still an unexpected offering from a German company), a collection of favorite soprano songs and airs, from Meyerbeer's "Ombra leggiera" to Strauss's "Voices of Spring," contributed by Rita Streich, and an operatic concert introducing principal singers of the Warsaw State Opera. From Archive Production we are to have three Rameau cantatas, an interesting Handel disc containing the Utrecht Te Deum and Jubilate as well as the famous Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest" (performed by English singers and players under Geraint Jones), and several records of Bach's organ music played by Helmut Walcha.

Before we turn our back on stereo in order to cast a brief glance at the formidable January releases of standard LPs, I ought to pay tribute to Vox for being the first of the smaller, independent companies to launch stereo on the British market—though I am not, as yet, overimpressed with such discs as I have been able to hear—and to record the welcome news that the much-boosted and long-awaited Decca FFSS pickup is at last beginning to appear in the shops. —Thomas P. Heinitz.

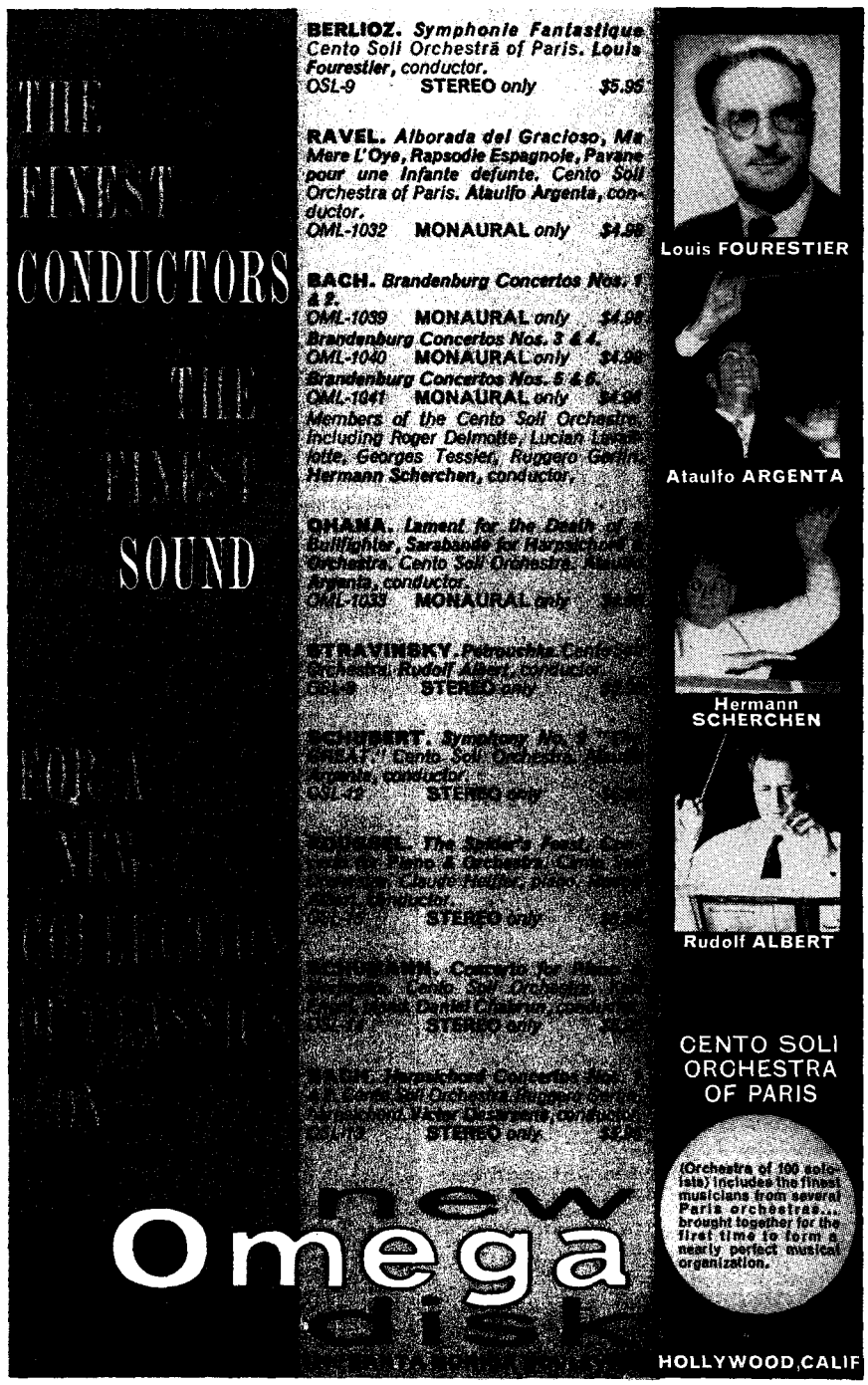
Music to My Ears

Continued from page 28

program that Artur Rubinstein provided for the beginning of a three-part series in Carnegie Hall devoted to the same composer, he seemed to be considering Chopin tempestuous (the C sharp minor scherzo), Chopin introspective (the D flat nocturne) and Chopin, nationalist (a pair of mazurkas), before addressing himself to Chopin, all-inclusive, in the B minor sonata. Only it did not work out quite that way. Having prepared us for a balanced, "inclusive" playing of the sonata, Rubinstein chose to take an oblique view of the passionately brilliant work, in which it was less than passionate, more than brilliant.

The sum of it all was a reminder that there is no one, inflexible way of playing such a masterwork, and the shape it takes depends on the character of the frame on which it is draped. The opening movement, in contradiction of the marking, was not very allegro and certainly not maestoso: but it adhered throughout to a recognizable image of Chopin, tthough not the immediately familiar one. If, in the end, it was Chopin plus Rubinstein, this is a more formidable combination of elements than almost any Chopin-plus-any-active pianist one can currently hear.

—Irving Kolodin.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THE AMEN CORNER

Where Are the Bands of Yesteryear?

IN THE light of the general interest in Americana—everything, it would seem, from old playbills to historic football noseguards—it seems strange to me that there has been no very conspicuous collecting of sentimental dance records in our great native tradition. I do not need to mention the huge activity in jazz record collecting, which years ago began to rake over every Salvation Army bin and miscellaneous junk shop in the land. This has long since involved high scholarship. I am not talking about jazz, hot or cool; I am talking about what is commonly called sweet music, romantic, or romantically intended, dance music in fox-trot time. We Americans invented it and, like jazz, we have sent it over the world. It has been the chief means of propagating the glamorous tunes of our Big Five popular composers—Berlin, Kern, Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers—and their colleagues. It, like jazz, is a remarkable American phenomenon. It is a potentially enormous field for the collectors' itch. Why has there been so little itching?

I will be told that our dance records do not offer anything like the musical interest of our jazz records, and, in general, I am prepared to agree. A fine jazz record provides not only a theme but the players' own exciting inventions. But since when have collectors necessarily been governed by esthetic considerations? Are they not, on the other hand, notorious customers for the picturesque, the peculiar, the ravishingly ugly? But the point I would like to stress is that there are many romantic dance records that I would not wish to have changed either in mood or detail, which I find musically entrancing just as they are. Surely I can't be alone in this feeling, in a nation whose middle-aged population has spent so much youthful time dancing to the sort of music I describe. I have an idea that there is a good deal more quiet dance-record collecting (or saving) than one might be tempted to suppose from the public evidence; I also think that such collecting may increase as time goes on.

PARENTHETICALLY, most contemporary approaches to what I have called romantic dance music take one of two forms: either they have the lively rhythm, which is called the "businessman's bounce" or the "society bounce," or else they are swooning exercises in the gauzy style sometimes referred to as "chiffon strings." Now I find that, properly fortified for an evening of fun, I can greatly enjoy the bounce, which however I use for purposes of gliding rather than undulation, but the chiffon is usually altogether too limp for my taste. The famous old dance bands knew how to be languorous without being epicene, which is another reason for collecting them.

Any proper collection, as I see it, would concentrate on the years from 1915 to 1930 (so short a time it seems now!) and would be based on certain major ensembles. It might begin with the most famous of the pre-saxophone groups, Joseph C. Smith's orchestra (Victor), to whom F. Scott Fitzgerald danced at the Hotel Plaza; in such tunes as "Tulip Time," Smith made important use of the genteel cello and the piquant wood blocks. Then the very trunk of the romantic tree grew in the shape of four successive bands from California. Art Hickman (Columbia) had among his sidemen Clyde Doerr and Bert Ralton, who raised the saxophone to maturity; the band was notable for a series of "Oriental fox-trots" and for a disc that consisted of "Avalon" and "Japanese Sandman" on one side, and on the other "Japanese Sandman" and "Avalon." Paul Whiteman (Victor) needs no introduction, but I would like to remark that his earlier and smaller band was relatively free of the lush "symphonization" that came later; a record like "Raggedy Ann" is a treasure. Abe Lyman (Brunswick) was hypnotic in a muted and fragrant vein (will anyone offer me Lyman's "After I Say I'm Sorry"?), and Lyman's pianist and arranger, Gus Arnheim, went on to lead his own California orchestra (Victor) and, with Bing Crosby as vocalist, has even reached revival on LP ("X" LVA-1000). Meanwhile, Chicago had contributed Isham Jones (Brunswick) who wrote and played a half dozen of the best American tunes, including, "I'll See You in My Dreams."

THESE, it seems to me, were the mainstays of the tradition. As musicians, they were obviously sentimental enough themselves to offer their music with genuine feeling. And, in the years I speak of, orchestration and instrumentation were still relatively simple and there was seldom the impression, so uncomfortable later, of a dance band trying to pile up the emotional pressure of a Tchaikovsky symphony. There is something fairly wistful about a good deal of this music nowadays—it speaks of a more innocent, dancing time. But there is more to it than that: there are the rich vintage tunes of the '20s played with love, in persuasive rhythms, and without lush embellishment.

I would warn prospective collectors that if a scramble for 78 r.p.m. dance band music develops, then, as with jazz, the files are likely to be opened for LP pressing. But what would be wrong with that?

—WILDER HOBSON.

HI-FI TCHAI

Tchaikovsky's durable 4th Symphony was a hit all over again last season when Leonard Bernstein led a rousing performance of it with the New York Philharmonic. "Red-blooded, exuberant, exciting," was the New York *Times*' opinion. This new hi-fi recording of it shows how Mr. B gives new life and energy to a familiar "war horse."

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Macbeth

Continued from page 55

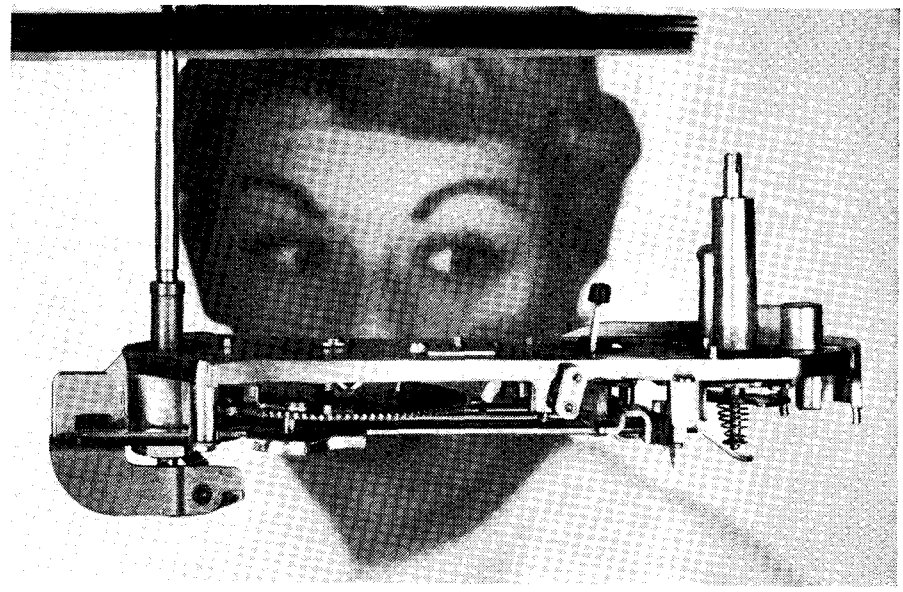
American premiere, nearly 110 years after it was written!

There has always been an uncertain attitude towards the staging and designing of the opera. Since the Verdi revival in Germany (sparked by Franz Werfel, and carried out by a number of enthusiasts including Carl Ebert, Caspar Neher, and others), there has been a tendency to set the work in a vague expressionist atmosphere. The 1956 Rome production was of this variety with black velvet draperies, meaningless stairways, picket fences, and other symbolic, but cluttering paraphernalia. A far better, in fact, a fine version of German expressionistic interpretation was offered by the Florence production, staged by Gustaf Gruendgens, with sets and costumes designed by Herta Boehm. Here transparent walls shifted from indoors to outdoors; grim magic was the watchword. The tragedy was timeless and almost placeless.

LAST summer, the brilliant Italian director Luchino Visconti staged a new "Macbeth" for Gian Carlo Menotti's Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto. Here the opera was set squarely in the Nineteenth Century: a kind of Victorian Gothic revival atmosphere. The ladies wore heavy silks and velvets; and the castle looked like an illustration for a novel of Sir Walter Scott. But here, too, the designer (Piero Tosi) made use of transparencies, and castle faded into woods, woods into banquet hall with the same kind of wizardry that had been seen in the earlier Florence production. It gave the opera marvelous mobility.

In June, 1865, Giuseppina Strepponi Verdi wrote in her diary: "Verdi doesn't believe that, in reality, 'Macbeth' had a great success (this was just after the Paris premiere). But perhaps later, in fifty years, they will find that it's 'sublime.'"

Actually, fifty years later, Verdi's "Macbeth" was still in limbo, along with many other of his less-renowned works. This year, it is being performed at last at the Metropolitan; at the same time, it is beginning to become a regular component of the Italian repertory in Italy. Perhaps it is not unfitting to quote finally a letter of the Italian poet and patriot Giuseppe Giusti, who wrote Verdi after the failure of the Florentine premiere: ". . . The more your opera is performed, the more it will be understood and appreciated. Keep going; you can't help but acquire a good name. . . ."



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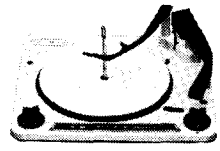

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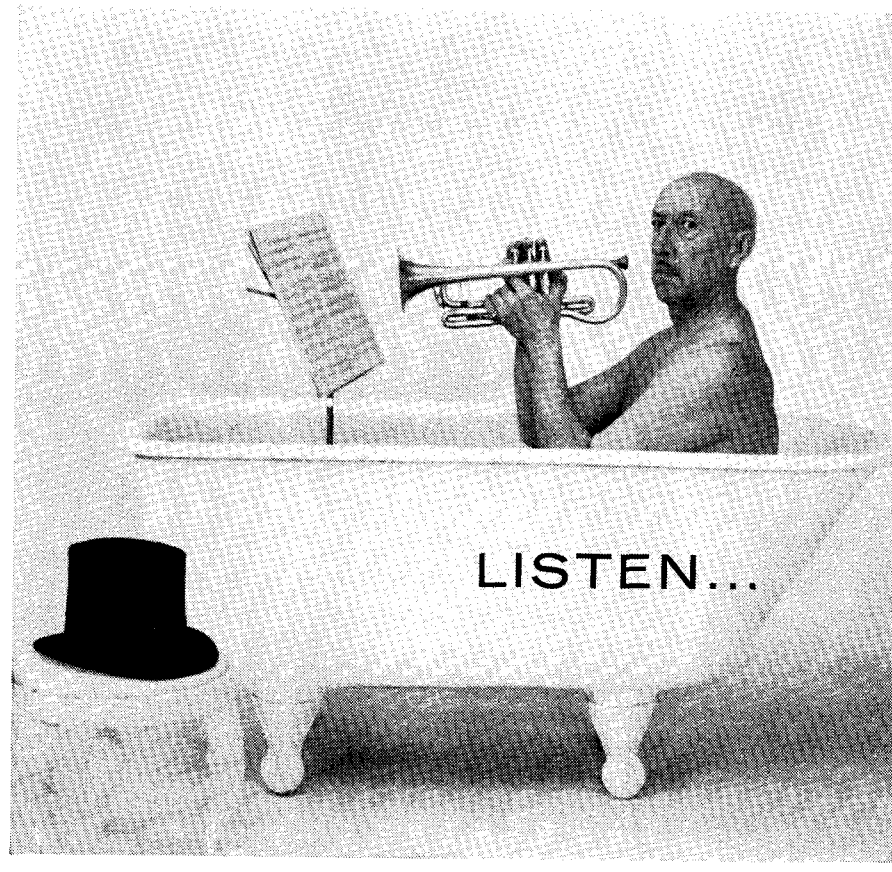

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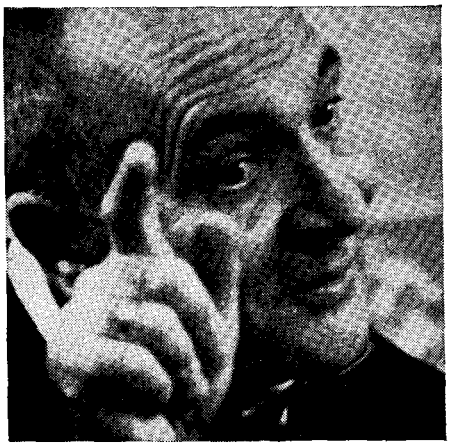

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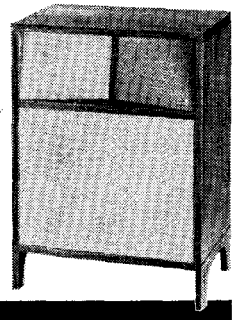

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Maria Callas

Continued from page 44

and is able therefore to give life to characters abstracted from the reality of the chronicle and immersed in a dreamlike romantic atmosphere, in a *mise en scène* of pure sound. Perhaps the ideal opera for the voice and art of Maria Callas is "La Traviata," with a role for a dramatic soprano *d'agilità* in which the separate capabilities of this type of voice are employed separately: its agility to suggest the frivolous aspect of the character in the first act, the dramatic or pathetic accent thereafter. The Verdian Violetta, which in the "adaptations" initiated at the end of the past century has been divided between two interpretative traditions—that of the light sopranos, who sing the first act well, the others insufficiently, and that of the dramatic sopranos who sing the first act badly, the others better—receives from Callas's art a truly unbetterable interpretation when the staging is appropriate.

These, then are the boundaries of Maria Callas's art, which she has, in truth, disregarded seldom. Within those boundaries—within that vast poetic world stretching from romantic foreshadowings in the operas of Gluck, Spontini, and Cherubini to the "pathos" of Rossini and the ardent romanticism, so different from Bellini's, of Donizetti and the early Verdi—Callas's interpretations seem to me the most revealing artistic phenomenon of operatic interpretation in our time after the grand parabola of Toscanini. The "personality" of Callas admirably, intuitively takes part in establishing the characters; her interpretation always involves all of her vital resources.

Callas approaches an operatic character with infinite scruple, as if she were dealing with a genuine first performance. The character comes to her, so to speak, deep in dust, with the incrustations deposited on it by mannerisms and false tradition. During its operatic existence it has been studied more in relation to the music than in relation to the development of the libretto. And Callas's first demand is philological: not wishing to dodge any of the technical difficulties it may conceal for the performer, she tries to get at the letter of the text. Then comes the moment at which she must prepare to render in sound the character's spirit. And it is then, in all probability, that Callas selects from her rich palette the fundamental vocal color best indicated for each heroine she impersonates. It will be,

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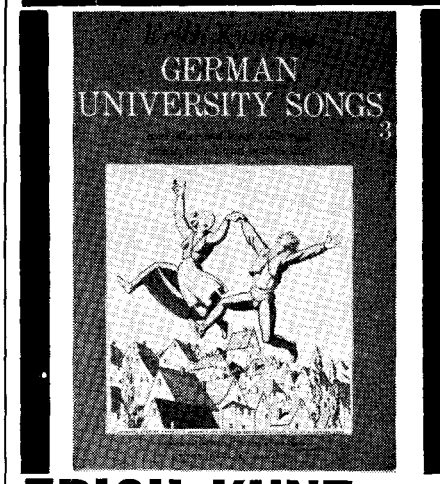

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Remember how this happens in the last act of "Norma" as Callas sings it, at the moment when the heroine finally accuses herself. The Druids insist that the priestess tell them who was responsible for this sacrilege. Norma finally answers: *"Son' io!"*—and that long-held note, diminished from the greatest intensity to the most exiguous, unmistakably announces the collapse of an unhappy soul moving toward the humility of acknowledging an error that it must pay for with its life. To cite so brief an episode as important to the dramatic purpose may seem excessive. Nonetheless, whoever has heard Maria Callas's finest interpretations in a non-polemic state of mind will know how Norma's character is realized minutely in Callas's singing by exactly such "accents." He will know, too, how some of them remain unforgettable. Anyone who has listened to Callas's Norma will not be able to forget the indescribably pathetic accent that she has chosen for shaping her duet with the tenor in the final act: *"Pel tuo Dio, pei figli tuoi. . . "* Norma tries desperately to dissuade Pollione from his passion for Adalgisa, reminding the "cruel Roman" of the children who are their secret link, the proof of their past love. Norma is reluctant to use this supreme argument. This complex spiritual state, in which contrasting pas-

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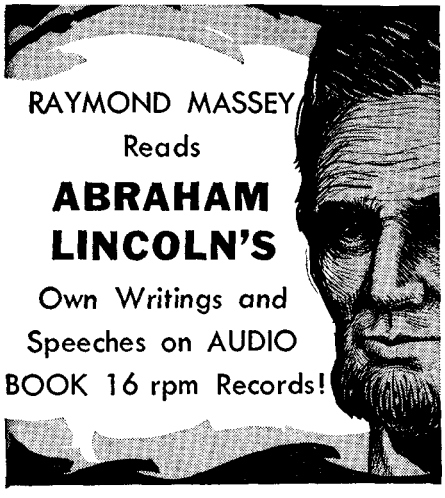

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sions battle, is stupendously embodied in that phrase, which Callas sings in an unexpected *mezza-voce* indescribably sad in color. But that is an obvious example; other examples are more difficult to describe, but nonetheless wreak their effect on the listener without his being conscious of them.

Callas, who often has consented to interviews concerning specific arguments, and who always agrees with pleasure to speak of vocal technique almost as if she were dealing with a complicated toy that she has succeeded in constructing for her own amusement and that of others, has never revealed the considerations, the studies and meditations, by means of which she constructs in sound the characters she interprets. Once, however, she did let fall a particular. The recording of "Rigoletto" had just been issued. Listening to it attentively several times, I remained struck by—among much else—one very brief "accent," four notes that Gilda sings in the second act. The dramatic situation is familiar to everyone: the Duke, having entered the garden of Gilda's house furtively, lingers in the girl's presence and ardently declares his love. And Gilda, disturbed, replies to the Duke's first *"Io t'amo"* with an invitation to that audacious gentleman to leave. The libretto's word is *"Uscitene!"*

Well, that word from the already enamored girl resounds in Callas's voice with a strange coloration, between timid and ardent, a *mezza-voce* of private innocence. It certainly expresses her infatuation, but I could not explain its effect to myself. So I asked Callas why she had given so very special an accent to a word of apparently small importance. She replied: "Because Gilda says 'Get out,' but wants to say 'Stay!'" Take note of how much acute psychological justice there is in this intuition, how appropriate it is to the simultaneously ingenuous and passionate character of Verdi's heroine and to the movement of the drama, and how revealingly it is realized by means of that chaste vocal color. Such "accents" tell much about the labor, the minute study, that Callas gives to a musical text before attempting to sing it.

So refined an art, in which the drama truly is realized completely by means of the music, deserves meticulous study that is outside the scope of this article. Such a study well might reach the conclusion that instinct and conscious knowledge unite, in Callas, in an interpretative artistry that is not a mere reconstruction of romantic singing, but a re-creation of it through a modern sensibility. And if psychology were to be summoned to

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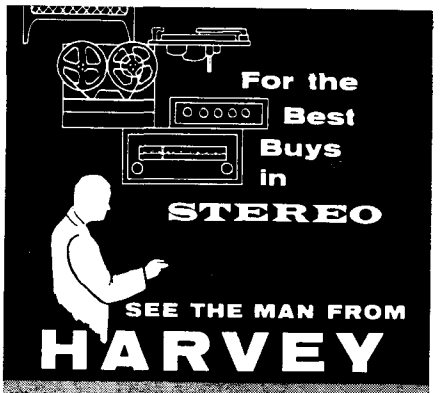
the musicologist's assistance, perhaps it would prove possible to determine, in an analysis of all the potentialities of Callas's voice and the uses to which she puts it, how much of her singing arises from instinct, how much from conscious knowledge—and, therefore, what is the real nature of this artist, who so often is a subject of acrid discussion. Perhaps, listening to all there is of sadness and terrible nostalgia, of aggression and desperation in Callas's voice, we should be able to conclude not only that it is admirably apt for realizing drama in music, but also that it "contains a drama" within itself, that it is an indication of an unquiet, troubled spiritual state expressing and purifying itself in sound—that it is, in fact, Maria Callas's humanity itself, neither always "divine" as her extravagant admirers claim nor always "nasty" as her irrational enemies pretend.

The secret of Callas's great interpretations, like the secret of every other great operatic singer, lies in an ideal relationship not only between technical means and a text, but also between a human being and a particular character outlined by a genius. When that happens (and it happened, for example, when we went to La Scala to hear Callas achieve, in the character of Anna Bolena, one of the most impressive and poetic of her interpretations), then every technical argument seems obliterated by the reality of the art. Then we no longer pay much attention to the voice we hear singing or to its characteristics: it too is transfigured into poetry, dissolved in expression.

What Richard Wagner wrote in his wise "Actors and Singers" (1872) about Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, a great interpreter whom he had heard in his youth, comes to mind in this regard. His words describe an experience that the art of Maria Callas has afforded many times: "Concerning this artist, I have been asked again and again if her *voice* really was so remarkable—for we glorified her as a singer—the voice itself being all that people seem to think about in such cases. Having to answer that question was always repugnant to me: I rebelled against the thought of that great tragic artist being grouped with our operatic bevy of female *castrati.* Were the question put to me again today, I should answer something like this: 'No! She did not have exactly a voice. But she knew how to use her breathing so beautifully, knew so well how to let a pure female spirit stream forth in wonderful sounds, that we never thought either of the voice or of the singing'."

—Translated by Herbert Weinstock.



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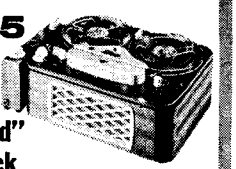

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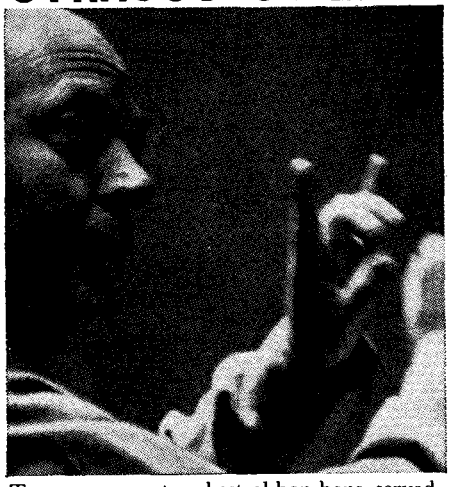

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

MR. T. IN SCHOOL

I ENJOYED JAY SMITH'S "T Is for Teagarden" (*SR* Nov. 15). However Mr. Smith made no mention of an interval in Jack's career that might be of interest to Teagarden admirers. Following his father's death, Jack did not immediately "work the Southwest and Mexico" as implied by Mr. Smith. At this time he and his mother moved to Chappell, Nebraska, a small county seat not far east of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Chappell is my home town. I cannot remember the exact dates the Teagardens were in Chappell; it was shortly after World War I. I am sure Jack attended at least one year of school in Chappell—possibly two.

It was there that he made his first appearances as a professional musician. Accompanied by his mother on the piano, he played his trombone nightly, to furnish the background music for the silent movies in Chappell's "Lyric" theater.

ROY L. PETERSON, M.D.
Boise, Idaho.

AGREES COMPLETELY

MR. KOLODIN HAS made quite articulate another person's thoughts about Klemperer and Beethoven—or in other words, I agree completely with his principal arguments.

Klemperer's style is *abstraction*, literally, and "anti-performance"—in philosophy. Yes it is!!

GENE MURPHY.
Seattle, Wash.

A LOVELY REED MAN

THAT CHICAGOAN FRANK CHACE is a clarinetist of rare accomplishment is a fact well known to many of his close friends and relatives. But bless Wilder Hobson for spreading the word and giving Frank a portion of his due—"three parts Frank Teschmaker, two parts Pee Wee Russell, and altogether Frank Chace. He is a lovely reed man." (*SR* Dec. 27, 1958) Amen.

J. LEE ANDERSON.
Pacoima, Calif.

WHO'S OBSCURE?

ROBERT BREUER, in his interview with Richard Strauss' sister, quotes an inscription of the latter's *Albumbuch* written by Hans von Buelow:

"Hans von Buelow, bewundernder
College von Richard Strauss,
Fanatismo—Petrolio
Entusiasmo—Luce Elettrica,"

adding parenthetically that beyond the words "admiring colleague of R.", the sense of the inscription is obscure. Breuer should have stated they were obscure to him. Autograph-signers of German *Alben* often indulge in "obscure" or symbolic

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phrases. Here is my interpretation: The last two lines are Italian, as, of course, the musical language then (and partially still today) was Italian. Buelow says that he is "fanatic over Petrolio" and "enthusiastic" over *Electra*, one of Strauss' early one-act operas, the heroine of which he calls the "Light" (Luce).

HANS A. ILLING.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "Fanatismo" of this interpretation is that Bülow died in 1894, and "Elektra" was not written until 1908.*

MISS CROSS SECTION

YOUR ANNOUNCEMENT in the annual record reviewers' poll of my selection as Miss Cross Section of 1958 has caused quite a stir in border music circles. The resultant fame has nearly swept me off my turntable.

It was grand of you to confer the award, and in case you are ever down this way, I'll be happy to put you in touch with this area's most memorable musicians, including Senor Vargas Vargas and his guirofono (cow's horn-harmonica-alarm clock bells) on which he performs "Casey Jones" nightly in front of a Juarez liquor store. The year he goes on records, he'll sweep the polls for sure.

NANCY MILLER.

El Paso, Tex.

WHERE FOR KID-DISCS

THE ARTICLE on children's records (*SR* Nov. 29) was of particular interest to me. However, I do not know where to find some of the records reviewed. Even a large music-house in Birmingham carries no Caedmon or Folkways records. Could you perhaps tell me where to write to these companies?

MRS. TOM D. F. BEVILL.

Jasper, Ala.

SHATTERING PERFORMANCE

SEVERAL DAYS ago I was privileged to hear Pierre Monteux conduct our orchestra in a shattering performance of the suites from Ravel's Daphnis and Chloe. Since, also, Mr. Monteux has a significant historical connection with the score, it will be a shame if RCA Victor neglects to record this collaboration. Perhaps you know if they have entertained such thoughts.

GERALD HJELM.

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The thought was translated into action during Monteux's long association with the San Francisco Symphony, during which time he recorded the first suite. It would not be surprising if he had another opportunity, for the stereo process.*

WHERE'S FURTWANGLER?

IN *SR* Oct. 25 I.K. reviewed Furtwängler's Symphony No. 2, released by Deutsche Grammophon. I am always interested in first recordings to add to the warhorses. Where can I purchase these records and what is the price?

GERALD OLSON.

San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *They are not yet available in this country.*

NAN THE SORCERESS

I APPRECIATE "The Tenor of the Past" (*SR* Sept. 27, 1958). I was born too late, it seems, to have been around during the times of Muzio, Schumann, Teyte, *et al.*, and I thank Victor, Angel, Columbia, and now Odeon for re-releasing these old treasures. My plea, however, is of a different nature. Is there no market for the artful singing of today? I am speaking of my hobby-horse, Nan Merriman. There must be something in a voice that inspired an Amsterdam critic to say that if Miss Merriman had been living 200 years ago she would have been burned at the stake as a witch for being a vocal sorceress. Amsterdam is accustomed to the best. True, I.K. included her Spanish song recital in his recent list of the best vocal records of the past ten years. Is that enough?

THOMAS H. JOHNSON.

Columbia, S. C.

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. . . a True University?

Continued from page 13

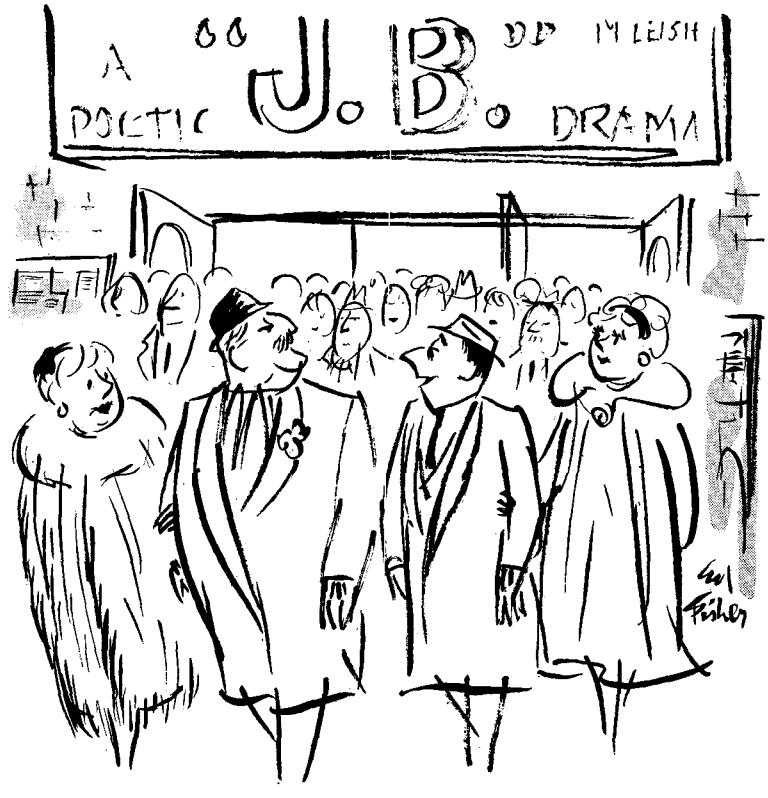
and if it projected that true self into the future. What we are painfully learning in the tragic collapse of our influence in the Middle East is the bankruptcy of a policy based on military power. Military power alone cannot and will not stop the expansion of Arab nationalism. Military power alone cannot and will not stop the rise of comparable nationalisms in Africa and in Latin America. Military power alone cannot and will not prevent the Soviets from exploiting the nationalisms of despair, wherever they crop up, for Communist ends. What we need far more than military power, essential as that may be for other purposes, is a posture before the world, which the new nationalisms of Asia and Africa and South America will not resent and fear. For it is the posture we have adopted in the past that has thrown the new nationalisms into the arms of the Soviets. Nothing could be more incongruous than the coupling of Arab Mohammedanism and Russian Communism, and yet our foreign policy over the brief period of half a dozen years has accomplished precisely that improbable mismating. It is a triumph of a kind—a triumph if you regard the management of foreign policy as manipulation for manipulation's sake—but not the kind of triumph that even the most powerful nation can survive indefinitely.

But culpable as the Department of State is for these disasters, it does not bear the blame alone. The picture of America that frightens and angers the new, impoverished peoples—which puts insulting slogans on walls and sends rocks and bottles sailing at an American Vice-President—is a picture we ourselves have helped to paint. Why should humanity so often seem to prefer the tyrants to ourselves?

The answer will not be obscure to anyone who has travelled much in this changed world with his eyes and ears alive. People, even among our allies, simply do not believe in our declarations about freedom and humanity. They see McCarthyism flourish at the expense of freedom for months and years, and they see, in the wake of McCarthy, a legislative attack on the Supreme Court for its defense of freedom. They see segregation enforced and defended in spite of the law and in the face of the law in a large and important section of the country. And they conclude, not unreasonably, that there is a discrepancy between our words and our actions, which casts doubt on the sincerity of our words. When, in the shadow of that doubt, they see us give refuge to an unspeakable dictator from Venezuela and finance a fascist government in Spain and take various other actions that our words, accepted at face value, would have made unthinkable, they draw conclusions which, though wrong, are understandable. And what our friends who know us think with sorrow and regret the new peoples who do not know us think with passionate conviction. We may comfort ourselves by blaming the propaganda of Moscow and Cairo, but no propaganda, no matter how skilful, ever made a sow's ear out of a silk purse. Even the most fabulous liar must have something to work with in the mind of the believer.

And there is something to work with, as we all know. We have been unfaithful to ourselves in various ways and at numerous times. We are no longer a people committed to the revolution of the human spirit that brought us into being. We are an increasingly materialistic people, increasingly committed to the status quo, and therefore we are a fair target for the kind of propaganda that can most easily enflame the suspicions of impoverished peoples newly come to freedom. Before the disaster in the Middle East we were able to convince ourselves that our vulnerability didn't matter—that it made no difference to us what anybody thought about us. We know better now. We know now that what happened in the Middle East may happen again and again and nearer and nearer—in North Africa, in central Africa, in Latin America—and that neither old weapons nor new can stop it. Nothing can stop it but our recovery of our own tradition of revolutionary freedom and our participation as friends in a process that we are now believed to oppose as enemies, and which Communism is left to champion and exploit.

This recovery of our own tradition—this preservation of our own values—only education can achieve. If "the American University" is truly to serve the nation it must truly serve the nation as the nation was conceived. And it must not hesitate in that undertaking to oppose demands upon it by those who put another kind of Nation first. It must make its own decision, fix its own object, with the great tradition it alone can evaluate in mind. "The final synthesis of learning," Woodrow Wilson said, "is in philosophy. You shall most clearly judge the spirit of a university if you judge it by the philosophy it teaches; and the philosophy of conduct is what every wise man should wish to derive. . . ." The philosophy that informs American university education and which can influence so powerfully the conduct, the action of the American people must be a philosophy that the universities choose for themselves because they are universities and because they are American.



"Well, what did you think of it, J. B.?"

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1297

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

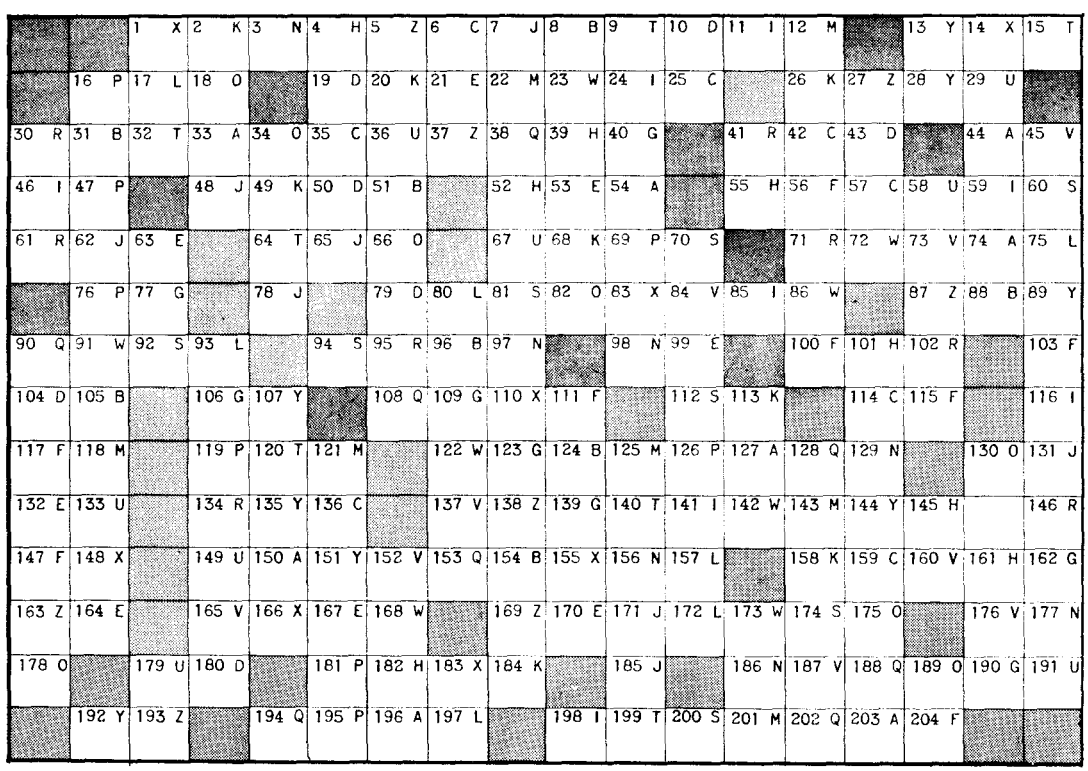
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Trod heavily so as to bruise.	203 127 196 150 74 44 33 54
B. Where an archeologist may find Indian relics. (Mississippi Valley, Gulf states region, etc.; 3 wds.).	154 31 96 124 88 8 105 51
C. De Gaulle recently named this as the heaviest cross he had ever borne.	35 42 25 57 159 6 114 136
D. Of humble birth.	10 50 104 79 180 43 19
E. Inherently.	21 53 99 167 132 164 170 63
F. Knowledge of wines.	100 56 117 103 147 115 111 204
G. Eton students who cannot swim.	139 109 77 190 123 162 40 106
H. Absolute deafness.	52 39 161 55 101 145 4 182
I. French lexicographer, 19th cent.	11 59 85 116 141 198 46 24
J. Showy blossom of the iris family.	48 62 185 7 131 65 171 78
K. Elevates in degree.	20 2 184 49 158 26 68 113
L. Kingship, or the person of a king.	17 172 75 80 157 197 93
M. Self-identity.	143 125 121 118 201 22 12

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Fictional youth in world literature, served by two terrifying spirits who come at his summons.	177 186 156 129 3 98 97
O. Shone with intermittent light.	66 130 189 178 82 34 18 175
P. Unenclosed portions of the oceans of the Earth (2 wds.).	119 76 181 195 47 126 16 69
Q. Capable of being turned inside out.	202 188 38 153 194 90 108 128
R. Greek playwright, inventor of the hilaro-tragedy (4th-3rd cents. B.C.).	102 95 30 61 134 71 146 41
S. Rapturous.	174 200 70 92 112 94 60 81
T. Yellowish-red dyestuff from tropical American tree.	9 15 64 120 32 140 199
U. Brightest; clearest.	67 36 191 133 58 149 29 179
V. Involve deeply or unfavorably.	152 176 73 160 187 137 84 165 45
W. Frustrated by running counter to.	122 23 173 72 142 168 91 86
X. Specifying a spread that would make a dozen to the foot (comp.).	1 110 155 166 83 183 148 14
Y. Division of time into separate periods each marked by remarkable events, etc.	144 151 107 89 135 192 28 13
Z. Cleanse from filth.	87 163 169 5 138 193 37 27

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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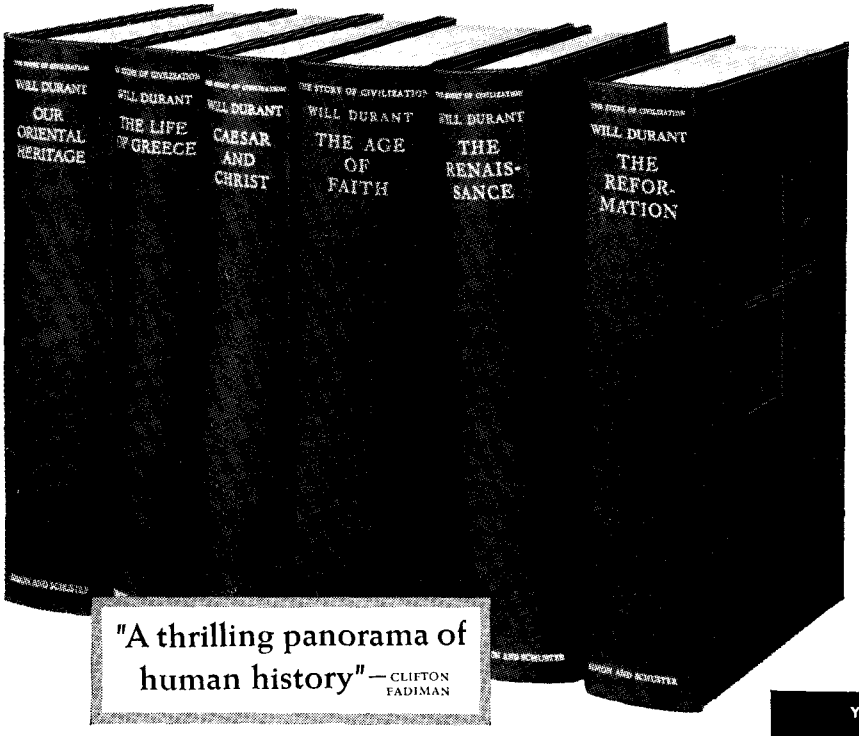

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